

This Week

MAGAZINE

NEW YORK
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SECTION 7

AUGUST 23 1953



HE DELIVERED THE FIRST MIG TO THE ALLIES

Last March Lieutenant Frank Jarecki (right) of the Polish Air Force flew the first Soviet MiG jet fighter into Allied hands. In this issue he tells why he did it. Can we induce hundreds of other Red flyers to follow him? Yes, says Lieutenant Jarecki, but right now we're going about it the wrong way. See page 7

REVOLT IN "PARADISE"

by Gaston Coblenz
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BRANDON GET

CHEER UP! The worst is yet to come

by William Brandon



The author

THE phrase above is a homely old saying. I remember my grandmother invoking it against everything from war and pestilence to rain on Sunday. She got it from her father, who cleared 500 acres in Indiana and got so used to spitting on his hands that he customarily did so before saying grace. I've seen it in Civil War letters and read it in the journal of a Rocky Mountain beaver trapper who had been one of Andrew Jackson's "Kentucky Alligators" at the battle of New Orleans.

A psychologist might explain it as a superstitious ritual, placating the fear of evil by giving it recognition. It's also ironic and cynical and probably shouldn't be taught to children. And a propagandist would shudder at its defeatist implication.

I think it's something else. I think it's the voice of a certain young spirit that came to abide in the young

land of America. It said I'll stand up to this, the present, whatever it is, because it could be worse, and probably will be. It mocked at timid fears of tomorrow in a way that is peculiarly youthful. It emphasized a wholehearted concern with the present moment that is peculiarly American.

PERHAPS some ancient nations of Europe live for the past and it is a common apology of pistol-packing police states that they are merely breaking heads for a glorious omelet of the future, but America has always been overwhelmingly interested in the concrete reality of today. No doubt it's both a fault and a virtue.

"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!" expresses this preoccupation with the present in a working philosophy that leaves its brightest promise unspoken. For it seems to be a mysterious truth that once you cheer up and do your best today, the worst, behold, seldom comes after all!

Sidelines

FULL CIRCLE. Writer Mort Weisinger, whose articles appear frequently in *This Week* Magazine, walked into a doctor's office in Hollywood, Calif., one morning recently.

"I didn't sleep well last night," he said. "Would you prescribe a sedative for me?"

"That's not what you need," the doctor answered. "You ought to lose some weight." He disappeared into the waiting room, returned shortly with a copy of *THIS WEEK*. "Here," he said, "is a good article on how to lose weight."

One quick glance was all Mort needed. The article: "A New Way To Diet"—by Mort Weisinger!

NIGHT FIGHTER. Among the familiar wonders of this modern age is a little metal container loaded with compressed air for squirting various types of products. With the handy gadget the householder can (1) paint; (2) spray insecticide; (3) preserve hairdos; (4) decorate cakes; (5) shave, etc.

Recently a friend of ours awoke in the middle of the night, plagued by the buzzing of a mosquito. Half asleep, he plodded into the kitchen for the "bug bomb," found it without even turning on the light. He returned to the bedroom and pressed the little button on top. The mosquito buzzed on—but our friend, prodded by a furious wife, spent the next half hour removing festoons of frosting from beds, walls and bureaus.

WONDER DRUGS. You've probably heard some confusing "scare" reports about the antibiotics recently—that they're harmful, that they're losing their power, that they cause allergies worse than the disease itself, and so on. In next week's issue, Dr. Selman A. Waksman, 1952 Nobel Prize Winner in medicine and co-discoverer of streptomycin, analyzes these reports and tells candidly what "wonder drugs" mean to your life, what their limitations are and what the future has in store for them. Don't miss this important article.

—THE EDITORS

This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM L. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 438 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Cover by Guy Gillette

Names and descriptions of all characters in fiction stories and non-fiction articles in this magazine are wholly imaginary. Any names which happen to be the same as that of any person, living or dead, are used in coincidence. The title "This Week" is registered in the U.S. Patent Office.

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

NO BAKING FAILURES

when 76 women baked Betty Crocker's Fresh Fruit Cobbler

54 got excellent results—light, fluffy, golden-brown crusts.
22 reported good results.
Not a single baking failed!

Yes, when 76 women in cities, towns and on farms baked Betty Crocker's Fresh Fruit Cobbler with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, not one baking failed! And remember, flour is the most important ingredient in any baking. Yet, each woman used her own baking equipment, had her choice of all other ingredients in the recipe. The uniform success these women got is conclusive proof of GOLD MEDAL's quality.

That quality is no accident. You see, no other

mill in the world has such facilities, or the same methods for insuring such perfect results with everything you bake. And it's how GOLD MEDAL acts in your kitchen that counts. That's why GOLD MEDAL is constantly tested in home bakings like these in kitchens all over the country.

Look for the "Kitchen-tested" trademark on your sack of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. It's your assurance of success with everything you bake, every time.

General Mills, Inc.



Betty Crocker's

FRESH FRUIT COBBLER

This is the recipe women all over the country tested with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. And remember, not one baking failed! So be sure to use GOLD MEDAL—the flour that takes the guesswork out of baking.

Preheat oven to 350° (moderate).

Arrange in square pan, 9x9x1 3/4-in., or 9-in. round layer

pan..... 3 cups cut-up fresh fruit (such as peaches, plums, raspberries, blueberries, etc.)

Sprinkle with a mixture of..... 2/3 cup sugar
 2 tbsp. GOLD MEDAL Flour
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Dot with..... 2 tbsp. butter, if desired

Sift together into bowl..... 1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour
 2 tbsp. sugar
 1 1/2 tsp. double-action baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt

Add..... 1/3 cup soft shortening or cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson
 3 tbsp. milk
 1 egg

Stir with a fork until thoroughly blended. Drop by spoonfuls over the fruit. If desired, dough may be spread with a spatula to cover surface of fruit. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (350°). Serve warm with cream. Serves 9.

NOTE: For a larger recipe, double the ingredients and bake in an oblong pan, 11x9x2-in. Bake 40 to 50 min. at 350°.

SUGGESTIONS: Use pitted cherries, sliced peeled peaches, quartered plums, whole raspberries, or blueberries, fresh rhubarb cut in 1/4-in. pieces or seedless green grapes.

*If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder and salt.

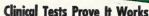


"Flour is the most important ingredient in everything you bake." says Betty Crocker

Gold Medal Flour



Originating in the Mouth



In "Osmoscope" tests with actual cases, (men and women who had unpleasant breath), Colgate Chlorophyll* Toothpaste was proved to act more thoroughly.

and give longer-lasting protection. Even at the end of four hours, it was proved to give far greater reduction of bad breath!

Just one brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste cleans your mouth of a high percentage of bacteria. Remember: bacteria and acids are a chief cause

of tooth decay. Every time you brush with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you reduce these destructive acids!

Clinical tests (now published in a dental journal!) with 589 children show that chlorophyll toothpaste can reduce gingivitis twice as fast as a white toothpaste! Even severe cases were quickly im-

proved! Here is scientific proof that regular brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste can help your children have a better chance for sound, healthy gums.

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins

No Other Toothpaste

And You Can Be Sure Colgate's Is in Effective, Soluble Form



Here is the proof! When equal amounts of Brand "A", Brand "B" and Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste are mixed with water, the solution with Colgate turns a darker, richer green, thus proving it contains more soluble chlorophyll than either brand. And while the chlorophyll in other brands may settle to the bottom, you won't see this happen with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste. The water remains a clear, dark green, even for days, showing that the chlorophyll is completely

Bennett Cert

LAND'S SAKES, I didn't know what I was starting when I innocently asked in a column some weeks ago whether Cerfboard readers remembered any Biblical conun-
dils of their youth. Only Noah saw the mail that followed! He, incidentally, who figured to be the greatest number

Q. Why didn't they play cards on the Ark?

A. Nonh was sitting on the deck.

Q. Who was the greatest financier in the Bible?

A. Noah. He floated a stock company when the whole world was in liquidation.

went out?

I guess it serves me right for bringing the whole thing up!

FROM all the hundreds of other Biblical riddles submitted, my son Christopher, whose taste in these matters I have come to recognize as even cornier than mine, has selected the following:

Q. Where was Solomon's Temple?

A. On the side of his head.

Q. Why didn't the ancients use slates and pencils?

A. Because the Lord told them to multiply on the face of the earth.

Q. Why is Satan always a gentleman?

A. Because, being the imp o'darkness,
he never can be imp o'lte.

Q. How did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?

A. Down in the mouth.

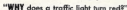
Finally, 14 correspondents to date contributed the one about the first time walking sticks popped up in the Bible. It was the day, of course, when Eve presented Adam with a little Cain.

And that, I hope, will be enough of *that* for the time being!

WALTER DOUGHERTY, of Lansing, recalls that the first joke he ever told was

"about the lad who exclaimed to his teacher, 'See that horse running?' "Don't forget your 'g'," admonished the teacher. "Okay," said the lad. "Gee, see that horse running?..." H. S. Percival, of Garden City, awakens old-time memory of my own with "When is a door not a door? When it's ajar," and L. C. Buckley, of Chicago, does the same with "Why is a chicken on a fence like a penny? Head's on one side, tail's on the other."

Elizabeth Anger, of Cincinnati, still chuckles over "Why does a traffic light turn red?" the answer being, "You'd turn red, too, if you had to change in the middle of the street..." And in Shreveport, Mrs. Vance



Thompson's six-year-old, obviously impeccably reared, came home from a party in fine spirits, to be asked by his mother, "Were you the youngest one there?"

"Not at all," he answered loftily. "There was another gentleman present who was wheeled in in a baby carriage."

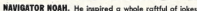
THE LAST STRAW. Dr. Frank Littleton

was on duty in a state medical bureau in the Blue Ridge Mountains district when a mother entered with a husky, tough-looking son of about three, and promptly proceeded to nurse him, to the consternation of the entire staff.

"My dear lady," sputtered Dr. Littleton, "that boy is too big to be nursed. You should have weaned him long ago."

"I know," admitted the mother sadly. "But every time I try, he throws rocks at me." — BENNETT CERF

— BENNETT CERF



"Soaping" dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

HALO—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. HALO reveals shimmering highlights... leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove HALO does not dry... does not irritate!



HALO glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!

The Secret of Successful "ATHLETE'S FOOT" TREATMENT!

"ATHLETE'S FOOT" is caused by parasitic fungus growths which thrive on damp, sweaty skin. Successful treatment requires keeping skin dry and stopping fungus growth so that healing may take place.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE POWDERS
DOUBLE-DEFENSE ACTION
offers amazing help in combatting this highly contagious disease, as proved by scientific tests:

FIRST—Campho-Phenique Powder soaks up perspiration—helps keep feet dry, reduces danger of infection spreading.

SECOND—It contains a powerful antiseptic that helps stop fungus growth. Helps skin to heal and prevent recurrence.

IN ADDITION—Gives fast, soothing relief from the burning itch and burn.

Don't let "Athlete's Foot" get a toe-hold. Get Campho-Phenique Powder today. See how fast it relieves misery... aids healing. For deep-seated cases consult your doctor.

Campho-Phenique Powder
(scientific name on box)

At your local drug counter—only 50¢



Itch... Itch... I Was Nervous

Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D. B. D. Prescription positively relieves red-itch—caused by eczema, rashes, excoriation, chafing—other itchy troubles. Creams, ointments, the tried bottle must satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist for D. B. D. PRESCRIPTION.

"There's nothing else," the cried, "My back has been itchy since I was a child. It was when I was medicated with cod liver oil. I was so itchy I had to scratch myself all night long. I was so itchy I had to scratch myself all night long. I was so itchy I had to scratch myself all night long."

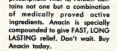
**Woman Tortured
On Main Street**

**RELIEVES
PAIN OF
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
FAST**



The only remedy of physicians and dentists recommended

Here's Why...
Anacin is a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.



QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



HOW did he help win a prize?

CONGRATULATIONS... To whom did Adlai Stevenson send this message: "I hear you won with a hole in one. Congratulations and best wishes from a distant traveler."

The photographer who won a Pulitzer Prize with a 1962 presidential-campaign picture showing a hole in one of Stevenson's shoes. —B.C., Clayton, Wash.

SPEED-UP... What information has been revealed by an electric gadget for counting cars coming into Washington, D.C.?

That government employees are getting to work exactly 21 minutes earlier in this administration. —M.S., Chicago

SPOTTERS... How many civilian plane observers are standing watch in the U.S.A.?

Approximately 300,000 and they include housewives, industrial workers, farmers and teenagers. —Mrs. F.W.D., Lakeside, Calif.

THANKS... Denmark officially informed us on June 10 that she needs no more American aid. How much did we give Denmark?

\$300 million —\$267 million as a gift, and \$33 million as a loan. —B.S., Beachwood, N. J.

HISTORY... What has happened to the vast camp in Southwick, England, where General Eisenhower masterminded the greatest invasion in history?

Weeds and creepers are winning back the 4,000-acre site. Apart from a naval navigation school, the only inhabitants are three white pigs.

—R.G.J., Stoughton, Wis.

CONDUCTED BY Tom Henry

NOTE: We pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clippings of news sources must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, TIMES WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unsolicited contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

"My food was strictly for the birds..."



"The food I got tasted, looked, and smelled like chicken feed... and only a chicken could thrive on it. It certainly wasn't for a red-blooded dog like me."



"A friendly parrot finally told my owner the facts of dog life. Told her how a dog without lean red meat is like a duck without water!"



"Now, thanks to my new diet of Ken-L-Ration's lean red meat, I'm the picture of health. And my owner is proud as a peacock of my firm muscles, sleek coat, and bounding energy."

Lean Red Meat*



...yet costs for less than butcher scraps!

*Ken-L-Ration is packed with choice cuts of U. S. Govt. Inspected horsemeat. Provides vitamins, minerals and all known nutrients needed for a healthy, handsome and happy dog. Yet it costs far less than butcher scraps. Chlorophyllin added to end your dog's offensive odors quickly and safely.

Get Ken-L-Ration in the regular can or new jumbo jar. And when you use a meal, serve Ken-L-Meal, the dog food made with protein-rich real meat meal.

FIRST WITH
ODOR-ENDING
CHLOROPHYLLIN.

Look for this seal

Ken-L-Ration



You're funnier than Berle...better than Pinza!

Make your debut on the new RCA Push-Button Tape Recorder

A push of a button—and you're on!

The new RCA Tape Recorder proves it: yours is the greatest theatrical family of all time. Well, better than the Talbots next door, anyway.

There are countless hours of entertainment and fun built into this electronic wonder—the finest portable tape recorder made. And it has its practical side, too.

You can tape your favorite radio programs and the sound portions of top TV shows. Your children can use the recorder to polish-up on piano lessons—and there's no better way for you to rehearse important business talks and speeches. You can keep your recordings forever—strong and clear. Or erase them on the spot.

But mainly this versatile recorder will be the sound and voice of your family. Birthday parties, holiday gatherings, weddings—captured for a lifetime on tape!

The RCA emblem is your assurance of perfect tonal clarity, top operational ease, and of many, many years of dependable wear.

Another great RCA achievement. Another mission accomplished in RCA's never-ending program of bringing the very best in sound and the finest entertainment into the home.

First the RCA Victor phonograph, then RCA Victor radio, and RCA Victor television. Today the new RCA Push-Button Tape Recorder. And there are many tomorrows now in the RCA "workshop," too!



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World leader in radio — first in television

THIS POLISH FLYER, THE FIRST MIG PILOT TO ESCAPE OVER THE IRON CURTAIN, MAKES AN AMAZING REVELATION: WE ARE ACTUALLY DISCOURAGING MEN LIKE HIM FROM FLEEING TO FREEDOM! HERE HE TELLS WHAT STEPS WE MUST TAKE IMMEDIATELY IN ORDER TO

HELP THEM ESCAPE!

by **Lieut. Frank Jarecki**

As told to **A. E. Hotchner**



JARECKI (in dark flying gear) and his undamaged MiG-15 just after landing on Danish island of Bornholm last March 5



JET HEROES: Jarecki (rear) compares flying notes with two U.S. Air Force aces of the Korean war: Captain Joseph McConnell, Jr. (left) and Captain Manuel Fernandez

ON this morning of March 5, 1953, with four Russian jets in hot pursuit, I flew a late-model MiG from behind the Iron Curtain into Allied hands. It was the first Soviet-made jet the West had ever seen — except at combat range in Korea. If I had been caught, I would surely have been put to death. Everywhere I go, people ask me: Why did you do it?

As a jet flyer in the Polish Air Force, and a political officer as well, I had considerable prestige, a salary equivalent to \$600 a month, most of the comforts of life. And yet, against great odds, I fled to an uncertain future. Can other MiG pilots be induced to follow my example? How?

In the few months since my escape, there have been increasing signs of turmoil behind Russia's curtain. Riots in Germany and Czechoslovakia. A second MiG delivered by a buddy of mine who escaped in the same manner I did. The captain of the *Batory*, Poland's pride, leaving his ship in Britain to seek asylum there. Rioting by Polish citizens who are reported to have burned down factories, dynamited railway lines, looted state-owned food stores. I do not know how much my escape, which was highly publicized by the U.S. radio, helped set off these events, but there is no doubt in my mind that the time is now ripe to exploit this widespread unrest in such a way as to undermine the whole structure of Communist rule. I'm going to tell you how, in my opinion, it can be done.

But first, let me make it clear that my flight had nothing to do with General Clark's \$100,000 offer, which came later and was limited to Korea. I certainly didn't fly that MiG out

for a money reward. Nor is there any truth to the claim of a retired American colonel that his world-wide spy network figured in my escape.

The reason for my flight really begins in 1940, when I was eight years old. I lived on the farm of an uncle of mine, and I was quite happy. But the Russians suddenly ordered all farm families in our town to board cattle cars, and we were headed for Siberia. Along the way, my uncle persuaded the Russian NKVD officer in charge to let me return to my mother. Of course, I never saw my uncle or his family again. My hatred for the Russians was formed then, and it never diminished.

Spy on Colleagues

AFTER the war, I went to pilots' training school, and it was there that I realized that if I became a model Communist I had my best chance to escape. I built up a reputation as a political activist and a reliable hater of Western Democracy. My plan was furthered too when I graduated first in my class.

I was assigned to the crack Polish jet unit at Slubsk, an airfield that had been specially built to take the latest type Soviet fighter. I was forced to sign a pledge that I would spy on my colleagues, but the preparation for this job proved very useful in my escape — I quickly learned what not to do. It was my hope that my escape would make Moscow afraid that no one in Poland, no matter how loyal a Communist he appeared,

Continued on page 39

THE PATTERN OF REBELLION

Brandenburg's revolt ran strikingly parallel to 272 other June 17 riots:



WIDE WORLD

STRIKE: Factory workers march on the center of town



INTERNATIONAL

RAMPAGE: Angry crowds tear down every Red flag in sight



WIDE WORLD

ATTACK: They assault and set fire to party buildings



WIDE WORLD

INTERVENTION: German Reds are saved by Russian armor



CASE HISTORY OF

The full story of East Germany's anti-Communist eruption is still locked behind the Iron Curtain. But here is an important human chapter — one town's dramatic uprising against its Red overlords

BERLIN
At this height of East Germany's massive anti-Communist uprising on June 17, violence and chaos rocked some 272 towns and cities. Brandenburg, a medium-sized factory town 30 miles from Berlin, was one of them. The course of the Brandenburg outbreak followed closely the pattern that marked the revolt all through East Germany: formation of strike committees, an angry crowd, destruction of Red banners, the assault on Communist party buildings — and finally, the intervention of the Russian Army.

No Western eyes witnessed the smoldering and eruption of Brandenburg, but it has been possible to obtain detailed information about what happened from the beginning of the tense period before June 17 until the moment when Soviet armored cars entered Brandenburg's debris-strewn Steinstrasse.

The Brandenburg riot had its own special flavor. It was a workers' uprising in the most dramatic form against a regime that had for eight years promised a "workers' paradise." The town long had a reputation as a left-wing stronghold. Brandenburg was the backbone

of the district that once sent Karl Liebknecht, founder of the German Communist party, to the Reichstag.

Even in the best of times, Brandenburg is never gay or charming. It is crossed by bleak industrial canals. Tourists might be briefly attracted by the quaint old houses and cylindrical towers from its Teutonic past. But its real landscape is grim factory buildings.

Sabotage and Disgust

It's 70,000 people loathed capitalism when many of them toiled in the 1920's and '30's in the steel plant of Friedrich Flick, who bought it cheap in the German inflation after World War I and landed in jail as a war criminal after World War II.

The Reds nationalized the steel plant in 1945, as the workers had once vociferously demanded. That is, the Russians dismantled it down to the last 13 smokestacks, then ordered it rebuilt.

The undismantled parts of the local automobile plant were converted to tractor production. The Wiemann Brothers shipyard, enlarged and renamed the Ernst Thälmann

Works after a Red hero, started making mine-sweeping vessels for the Russian Navy. Last October, workers were already performing sabotage on these boats. One of them slipped down the ways and sank before the eyes of Russian officers.

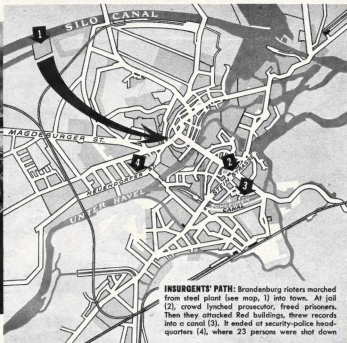
By April of this year, the workers' disgust with the government was becoming acute. Their diet was being reduced to bread, potatoes and margarine. Meat was unobtainable or too expensive. A pound of butter cost one-third of a week's salary.

Their protests were ignored by the Communist factory bosses. The Red secret police had long since planted informers everywhere.

In mid-April, a Communist party agitator denounced two grumbling steel workers. They were arrested. A few nights later he was seized by unidentified men near the entrance of the plant, and thrown in front of a slowly moving train. The wheels crushed his legs.

In 1953, the town was put up with its fourth Communist mayor. The first one, Max Helm, was too mild for the party chiefs. He was transferred to East Berlin in 1947.

The second, Fritz Tange, was a trusty of



A REVOLT

by Gaston Coblentz

Herald Tribune Foreign Correspondent

the local Soviet commander and launched the Bolshevization of Brandenburg. He demanded steadily increased production from the workers. The secret police spy system was installed in the factories during his tenure.

After him, in 1949, came a surprisingly pleasant mayor named Proell, a former official of the Social Democratic Party. After about 18 months he fled to West Berlin.

The incumbent, Otto Kuehn, 60, is one of the Moscow-suspected German Reds who emigrated to France and Mexico rather than to Russia during the Hitler era. The population knows he has little strength.

The real power, they now realize, is in the hands of the local Russian MVD security police unit. The strongest German Communist in town is a man named Pricke, age 30, secretary of the local party organization. He is the prototype of the new generation of young Red hatchet men which has infested Eastern Europe—a machine-tooled dialectician, fanatic, heartless. On June 17, he had himself locked in a cell at the Brandenburg secret-police headquarters for protection.

First Outbreak

The situation in Brandenburg grew steadily worse in May. The workers were even looking back at some of their old capitalist employers with nostalgia. August Tæge, 62, who still had the remnants of a truck-transport business, was the last one left. The others were dead, had fled West, or were in prison.

Tæge was an irreproachable and kindly man, whom not even the Reds had not dared

to accuse of having been pro-Nazi. But suddenly, the Communists threw him in the Steintstrasse jail. They charged him with a tax violation, and with having imported a case of wine from West Germany in 1950.

Then the Communists ruthlessly laid still another straw against the sagging camel's back. On May 28 they hiked the workers' production quotas another 10 per cent. Bitter muttering spread through the factories.

Abruptly, on June 11, the Communist Politburo in East Berlin did an about-face. It decreed a startling series of economic relaxations for all of East Germany—more food for the workers, more consumer goods, lower prices. Minor economic offenders were to be released from jail. Nothing was said about lowering production quotas, however.

The population took this bombshell as a sign of Red weakness. In Brandenburg it touched off a violent demonstration within 24 hours. This affair, unknown to the West at the time, preceded the June 17 revolt by five days.

It began in Steintstrasse, a wide, cobble main thoroughfare. About 35 of August Tæge's employees showed up in front of the courthouse jail with a large wreath of flowers. They pushed their way into the courtyard, past the surprised People's Police. They demanded that Tæge be freed immediately.

They threatened one of the local Red prosecutors and pushed him around, but were driven out by the police. They began to churn in the street. Two thousand men and women joined them in less than 20 minutes.

The local Communist party headquarters rushed a goon-squad of "agit-prop" men into the street. The crowd beat three of them up. The secretary of the Red youth organization tried to address them. He was howled down, attacked, and had to be hospitalized.

The crowd continued to demonstrate. The police concealed Tæge in the back of an automobile, drove him from the prison and let him out about five miles west of town.

Word From Berlin

AN HOUR later, about eight p.m., the crowd began to disperse. One section of it, about 500 strong, mainly young men belonging to the banned Evangelical Church youth organization, marched to the Red youth headquarters at party buildings and at the factories. They made a brief attempt to break in. The police arrested five. That night, the Brandenburg Peoples' Police chief Hoehnke strengthened the Volkspolizei guards at party buildings and at the factories. The town's Red (and only) paper "Volksstimme" printed a brief account of the Tæge incident. It mildly assailed "troubles" who were troubling "peace-loving" Brandenburg.

But the town was intensely excited. It talked of nothing else but the Tæge affair. At the tiny Schuf paint company, four employees decided to march to the jail to demand the release of their boss, Heinz Schur. Thirty of them went to the jail. They obtained an audience with the public prosecutor, Bechtel, called "The Hangman of Brandenburg." It was one of Bechtel's last acts in office.

On the night of June 15, the American-run



RIOT SITE: Brandenburg is 30 miles from nearest Western outpost in Berlin

radio station RIAS, in West Berlin, beamed a short but amazing report. It said that construction workers in East Berlin's Stalinallee were from 7:30 p.m. Brandenburg heard more and more incredible flukes. RIAS said the news at 6:30 and 7:30 the next morning.

A few hours later, RIAS announced a sensation. Mass demonstrations were under way in East Berlin, headed by the Stalinallee workers. From 7:30 p.m. Brandenburg heard more and more incredible flukes. RIAS said the East Berliners planned a general strike for the next day. It announced their five-point program. All night, the radio repeated that a great demonstration would start in Berlin at seven in the morning.

The first day shift of 1,200 workers showed up at the Brandenburg steel plant at six a.m. Two hundred members of the Bau-Union, the local factory construction unit, acted first. They huddled in small groups, appointed a couple of leaders and announced they were going on strike "in solidarity with the Stalinallee building workers."

By seven all work had stopped at the

Continued on page 28



THE LAST SUPPER: First color photograph since restoration reveals Christ's robe changed to vermillion, gold lettering on Judas' sleeve

A "RUIN" RETURNS TO LIFE

"The Last Supper" has been saved from 400 years' dirt and retouching. Here is how it looks in da Vinci's own colors

MORE than a century ago a famous French critic wrote sadly of one of the world's greatest paintings, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, "Nothing is left to bear witness of him to posterity." He and countless others who have long regarded da Vinci's masterwork as a beloved but irreparable ruin, were wrong.

This summer the painting survived what scholars consider the most delicate operation in art history, the removal of almost four hundred years of dirt, mold and bungled retouching. The "patient," it will be seen in this first color photograph made upon completion of the project, has not, to be sure, miraculously regained the fresh radiance of youth. But, in the opinion of art experts, "The Last Supper," as seen here, is closer today to the original work as Leonardo left it than it has been in centuries.

Leonardo himself worked three years painting the 30-by-14-foot mural in the refectory of the monastery of Santa Maria della Grazie, in Milan. It took Professor Mauro Pelliccioli, Italy's foremost restorer of paintings and chief of the department of restoration at Milan's famed Brera Museum, five years to bring it back to life.

With infinite care, patience and science he had to scrape

away layer upon layer of accumulated grime and dig it out of a network of innumerable cracks. He had to reinforce the painting to harden the original colors applied by the always experimenting Leonardo, not in the usual fresco technique, but in tempera paint, on a dry wall.

As he worked, Professor Pelliccioli ran into surprises. The robe of Christ, after the removal of repeated "improvements" made by inept and irresponsible retouchers, turned out to be vermillion instead of green. St. Bartholomew's sleeve, instead of being dark green, came up blue. On Judas' tunic appeared gold lettering in Arabic. The tablecloth is lighter; the lines of Jesus' mantle are more flowing.

THAT so great a masterwork has been restored to something approaching its pristine state is itself an event of great magnitude. It is the more important when it is remembered how few complete major works are still extant by the artist-scientist-engineer-musician who has been called the "universal genius." They are the "Mona Lisa" and the "St. Anne with Virgin and Child," both in the Louvre, the "Virgin of the Rocks" in London's National Gallery and "The Last Supper."

—EMILY GENAUER



RESTORER: Professor Pelliccioli, shown at work on painting, spent five years on the delicate operation

THE REALTOR RIDES AT DAWN

Businessman Stewart Forshay is Manhattan's most faithful equestrian. His record: 15,000 times around Central Park

by Mel Grayson

Photographs by Arthur Loipag

It is practically impossible to startle Arthur Godfrey, an entertainer who has been a career out of being phlegmatic, but one February dawn about six years ago, as he was entering the Columbia Broadcasting System studios on Madison Avenue at 52nd Street for an early-morning radio show, Godfrey saw something that reduced him to mild surprise.

Riding up the avenue's concrete canyons on a bicycle, oblivious to the stars fixed on him by the few persons abroad at that hour, was a distinguished-looking, middle-aged man in leather boots, whipcord breeches and a turtle-neck sweater.

"Now," murmured Godfrey, as aghast as he ever gets, "I have seen everything." Minutes later, he was telling his radio audience about the "nut in riding clothes" he had seen.

Although Stewart Forshay, president of Byrnes, Bowman & Forshay, midtown realtors, a vice-president of the Excelsior Savings Bank and a trustee of the Title Guarantee & Trust Company, is not accustomed to being called a "nut," in or out of riding clothes, he was more amused than disturbed by Godfrey's description of him. "I suppose it's what a lot of people have thought," he said.

Bicycle Saved \$5,000

FORSHAY, a ruddy-faced, slender man of medium height, now in his 60's, was referring to the thousands of dawns since 1903, the year he began taking daily pre-dawn horseback rides in Central Park. Now rounding out his 50th year of riding, he estimates he has ridden in the park more than 15,000 times over a combined distance of 120,000 miles.

During those 50 years, he has churned up the dust—or mud—of Central Park's bridle paths every day except in parts of July and August, when he does his riding in Greenwich, Conn. He pays about as much attention to the weather as a polar bear would, venturing out even in snow and sleet.

"When it rains," he admitted, "I wear a raincoat." He didn't attract much attention with his hobby until 12 years ago, when he stopped taking taxicabs to and from the park and began riding a bicycle.

"I did it because I was losing up to fifteen minutes a morning looking for a cab," he explained. "Besides," he added, "it's saved me about five thousand dollars in cab fares."

New York's most faithful horseback rider, Forshay follows an inflexible routine in the pursuit of his pastime. He awakens at six o'clock every weekday morning in his Park Avenue

apartment, dons riding clothes, hops on his bicycle, rides the horse precisely eight miles, pedals back to the apartment, changes clothes, eats breakfast and walks half a mile to his office at Lexington Avenue and 41st Street. On week ends, he does much the same, but an hour later.

The monotony of the mile-and-a-half bicycle trip to the stable is relieved at one point. In the vicinity of 53rd Street and Fifth Avenue, a street cleaner with a flair for the dramatic always snaps to attention as Forshay flashes by and throws him a brisk salute. Forshay nods in return.

"Haven't Gained an Ounce"

ON HORSEBACK, too, Forshay follows a set route. He enters Central Park at West 66th Street about 6:30 a.m., turns left on the bridle path and rides north past 97th Street, around North Meadow, south along the eastern side of the reservoir, around the reservoir, south to Seventh Avenue and Central Park South and north again to the stable.

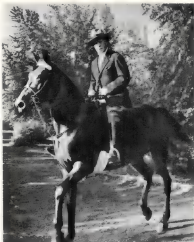
Before tackling his day's work, he has bicycled three miles, ridden horseback eight miles and walked a half mile. "That's why I still weigh 145 pounds," he said. "Haven't gained an ounce in 50 years."

In 50 years of riding and 12 of cycling, he has worn out 10 horses, his present one being a bay mare named Patsy, and one bicycle. He bought his second—and current—bicycle five years ago from a store clerk who insisted on knowing "how big a boy" the bicycle was for. "I'll just try it out," said Forshay. "It'll be big enough for me. I'll be big enough for him."

Born and educated in Brooklyn, Forshay started his business career—in his father's firm, Zimmermann & Forshay, international bankers—the same year he started his daily rides. In 1909, he resigned to form his own construction company and, after World War I, joined the real estate firm of Byrnes & Bowman. He became president 15 years ago.

He began riding in Central Park because, in 1903, it was the thing to do. His grandfather rode there, his father rode there; his friends rode there. Today, he meets few friends—or strangers, for that matter—on the path.

The riding academy in which he now stables his horse is successor to the one at which he stabled his first mount 50 years ago. At that time, Hauser's, then on East 58th Street, was the most popular riding academy in the city—mostly because its owner, Oscar Hauser, disturbed by the knowledge



FORSHAY: In 50 years on horseback, he has outworn 10 horses and covered a distance of 120,000 miles

that no woman could ride efficiently in the conventional side-saddle position, had designed a split riding skirt. He presented copies to two of his more adventurous female pupils, and took them for a ride—astride—in the park. He was promptly arrested. Charged with impairing the morals of the two girls, he was fined, caught repeating the offense a week later and fined again. The money was well spent, however, because the publicity quadrupled his clientele.

The gradual emancipation of women riders—from full skirts to split skirts to breeches—is only one of the changes wrought in Central Park. When Forshay took his first horse into the park, for example, all the roads were bridle paths. Almost every morning and late afternoon, the roads came alive as richly-costumed horseback riders competed for space with surreys, landaus and other non-automotive vehicles.

The evolution to present fashions in riding dress—running to blue jeans and sloppy-jean sweaters—is one change deplored by Forshay, who is a firm believer in proper riding attire.

No Mince the Lions

THE area available for riding in mid-town New York has shrunk markedly since 1903, Forshay observes. Central Park riding was restricted to bridle paths with the advent of the automobile, and a loop of the bridle path skirting the zoo was eliminated about 10 years ago.

"You used to be able to hear the lions roar when you went riding," Forshay said, a little wistfully. "It made some horses scitish, but I miss it."

During his daily rides, Forshay occasionally will join another lone devotee of the sport, but the majority of his excursions are solo. His only human contacts most mornings are with drivers on their way to work and pete fighters in training, who wave to him as they trot around the reservoir.

"I often think about it while I'm riding," he said. "Here is a beautiful park in a city of eight million people, and at six thirty in the morning I'm the only one riding in it. It's like having my own private park."

The End



DESERTED AVENUE: Every weekday morning, a few minutes after six o'clock, Forshay pedals up Madison and Fifth (above) to the stable at 66th Street



YOUNG COUPLES have literally millions of desires ranging from a wish for a deeper religious faith to a television

WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST

WHAT are your dreams and aspirations — and how do they compare with those of other people? Would you, for example, like to make a lot of money, or are there other things that appeal to you more? Is getting a better education one of your ambitions? Would you like to live to be 100? Would you like to be able to shuck your responsibilities and lead the carefree "life of Riley?"

To find out what most people want out of life, psychologists and sociologists in leading universities and research foundations have conducted countless studies, polls and wide-scale surveys. Collectively they've probed the attitudes and ambitions of hundreds of thousands of representative Americans. Let's take a look at some of their most interesting and provocative findings.

Question: *Would you like to lead the "life of Riley" — with the leisure to do exactly as you pleased, be free from cares and responsibilities, and not have to think about working for a living?*

Answer: If this sounds to you like Utopia, then, believe it or not, you differ radically from most people. A leading life-insurance company surveyed a cross section of over 3,000 Americans on this question. The vast majority (three out of four) said the "life of Riley" was not for them. In fact, 76 per cent of them

said they wanted to go on working even after they reached retirement age — or at least to keep on "doing something useful."

Of the 24 per cent who regarded the prospect of a completely leisured and carefree life with pleasure, the majority were younger men — under 40.

Q: *If you're like most of us, one of the main things you want out of life is a happy marriage. What qualities in a mate do you regard as most essential to this?*

A: If you're the average person, your views on this score are somewhat disillusioning — or at least less than idealistic. For the consensus of national surveys and wide-scale studies shows very clearly that most men and women do not consider such qualities as love, faithfulness and devotion as the most important qualities in a husband or wife. Nation-

Is it money? A trip to Europe? A happy marriage? Recent scientific studies have produced some surprising facts about the average American ambitions. See how your own match up

Photograph by Ernst Haas

wide polls have repeatedly shown that the quality most men esteem highest in a wife is that of being a good cook and a good housekeeper. Having a good disposition was rated next in importance. Love and loyalty ranked close to the bottom of the list — along with being a good mother, and having intelligence and common sense.

The quality the majority of U.S. women esteemed highest in a husband was being a good breadwinner. Faithfulness ran a poor second. Love? Only a small minority gave this top priority.

Q: *If you had an Aladdin's Lamp, what would be the first thing you'd wish for?*

A: If you're like a great many people, you'd wish first to "get away from it all" for a while. At the University of California, psychologists made a study of 16,000 wishes expressed by contestants on a leading radio

give-away program. One third of the people wished for some experience that would relieve the humdrum tedium of their daily existence — such as a trip to the Riviera or the South Seas, a junket to Hollywood and a date with their favorite movie star, etc.

Thirty per cent wished for something more practical, such as a living-room set, a new kitchen stove or refrigerator. A scant 13 per cent wished for luxuries like a maid, a fur coat, a new television set.

Q: *If somebody gave you \$1,000 tomorrow, what would you do with it?*

A: Though your first wish might be for a trip or extended vacation, chances are you wouldn't use it for pleasure at all. The odds are better than even that you'd either keep the money, or invest it in something that would increase your sense of financial security.

A coast-to-coast poll asked this same ques-

EDUCATION



LEISURE



HAPPY MARRIAGE



TRAVEL



"THINGS"



INNER PEACE



set. The eight drawings above show what the ambitions of the average American are, as revealed by surveys

OUT OF LIFE?

by John E. Gibson

tion of men and women in all walks of life throughout the nation. The majority of Americans said they'd either save the money, invest it, use it to help buy a home, or pay off the mortgage. Only 14 per cent would use this cash to buy a car, new household furnishings or clothes. Less than seven per cent would use it for travel. And only three per cent would spend it on "having a good time."

Q: Would you like to live to be 100?

A: Judging from how most people feel, the odds are just slightly better than even that you would. A round half of the population figure that the longer you live the more you get out of life, and they would like very much to be able to celebrate their hundredth birthdays. But the rest view the prospect with a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

In a recent nationwide survey, the American Institute of Public Opinion interviewed men and women of all ages on this question. Fifty-seven per cent said they would like to live to be 100, 32 per cent said they definitely would not, and 11 per cent couldn't make up their minds. Far more men than women wanted to reach this ripe old age — ironic fact, since the ladies tend to be the longer-lived sex.

The survey also showed that, as a rule, the older a person gets the longer he wants to live. Appreciably more people in their 40's wanted

to live to be 100 than those in their 20's. And the highest percentage of would-be centenarians was found among men and women who had passed their fiftieth birthday.

Why some people didn't want to live as long as 100 years is reflected by their typical comments: "Just sitting around and becoming old and useless would be no fun"... "Nobody loves you when you're old and gray"... "If you're going to do any good in life, you should be able to do it before you get to be 100"... "I might be sick and helpless — just a burden on someone."

Those who did want to live to be 100 looked at it differently: "I enjoy living. I want to see what the atomic age is like"... "Life is a wonderful show and I couldn't stand missing any of the acts"... "I know I like this world, but I don't know about the *older* one!"

Why is it that appreciably fewer women than men want to live this long? In summing up their findings, the investigators cite two principal reasons: "One undoubtedly is the fear of fading beauty, another the fear of having no means of support without a man around."

Q: Would you like to have a better education?

A: If the average person were asked to name the things he wants most out of life, evidence indicates that in most cases a better education

would be high on the list. In a nationwide Gallup Poll people from all walks of life were asked the following question: "Everybody makes mistakes now and then. Will you tell me what you consider to be the biggest mistake of your life so far?"

The reply made far more frequently than any other was: Didn't get enough education. Mistakes relating to marriage ran a poor second, wrong choice of a career a close third.

Studies show that the more education you've had, the more likely you are to wish you had even more. University graduates have an even greater thirst for more education than those who have never attended college.

Q: What do you want most in life?

A: Ask most people this question and they say: happiness. Ask them what happiness means to them and you'll get some very revealing answers. A national public-opinion poll did this, with the following results:

The answer most frequently given was sufficient money. Contentment got the next largest number of votes, running a rather poor second. Family life ranked third; health fourth; friends fifth; and satisfaction from work only got enough votes to rate sixth place.

These findings confirm what leading sociologists have frequently noted, a marked tendency on the part of the average person to

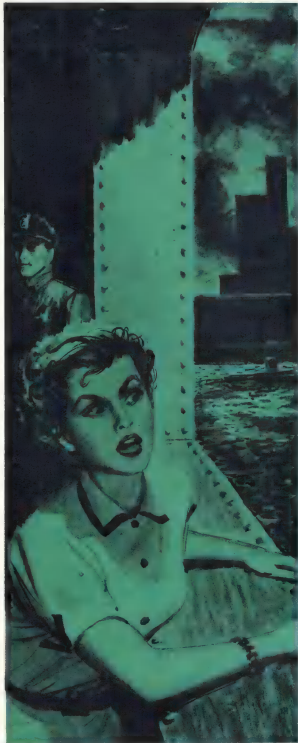
overevaluate money as a factor in personal happiness. Studies show that people who regard money as more important than anything else seldom, if ever, find real happiness.

Q: Do you wish you had a deeper and more satisfying religious faith?

A: If you're like nine out of 10 Americans you do. But surveys show that most of us spend very little time trying to attain it. Findings of leading polls and sociological studies make it crystal clear that (1) though the average man feels a vital need of greater spiritual resources, he is too preoccupied with material matters to do much about it. (2) In most cases going to church gives him a sense of inner peace and spiritual uplift. But more often than not he attends seldom or irregularly — because he's "too busy" or other inefficiencies intervene. (3) He believes in the efficacy of prayer, and in its ability to restore peace of mind and perspective — but he is apt to turn to prayer only as a last resort, in a crisis where all else has failed.

Evidence all up and down the line indicates that the average man fully realizes that he can't "live by bread alone," but he's so busy getting that bread and butter — and jam for it, too — that sustenance for his spirit has to wait, often until the hunger pains become distressingly acute.

The End



As the officer watched, the girl started to climb up on the parapet

They met at

A policeman and a girl, on a bridge! He became a good cop that night, when he realized that sometimes one must

follow rules that are not in the *Patrolman's Manual*

BY ARTHUR GORDON

Illustrated by Al Moore

FEATURE FICTION

For five minutes now, he had been watching her from the shadows. She stood very still, but there was a lot of tension about her. He did not like the way her hands gripped the steel parapet, the way she stared down at the black water. He was sure she could not see him; he was outside the circle of light cast by the street lamp, and his blue uniform blended with the night.

He had come off duty at midnight, had left precinct headquarters and had walked slowly down to the river. It was cooler, now, but the pavements still quivered from the blast of August sun.

His feet ached; he really wanted more than anything to go back to his furnished room and fall into bed. But he had promised old Mrs. Cleary to take a look for the little piece of metal that meant so much to her. She'd lost it down by the river, she thought, at the foot of Nineteenth Street.

Funny how, in this country at least, people brought their troubles to a cop. Big troubles, little ones, silly ones, sometimes. Even using his flashlight, he'd told Mrs. Cleary, the chances of finding her medal weren't too good...

The girl moved suddenly. She put her handbag on the pavement, then her forearms on the breast-high parapet. She pulled herself up clumsily. He had plenty of time but, even so, he moved fast. He caught her arm just above the elbow. "You can't do that, lady," he said. "It's against the law."

She turned her head wildly and he saw that she was even younger than he was—not more than nineteen or twenty.

She beat at him with her free hand. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"No," he said, and lifted her down. She said, frantically, "It's my life, isn't it? I can do what I want with it, can't I?"

"Society doesn't think so." He was not supposed, really, to argue with a would-be suicide. He was supposed, as he recalled the *Patrolman's Manual*, to prevent them from accomplishing their purpose, using force if necessary.

She was not resisting him now; something in

her seemed to have collapsed. Her head had fallen forward, her forehead resting against his chest just on a level with his shield. Her hair had a clean, sunniness smile; in the lamp light it shone like gold.

"What's your name?" If possible, the manual directed, ascertain name and address of any person involved in breach of law or ordinance. "Where do you live?"

She did not answer; she was shivering. "You'd better come along with me." Still holding her arm, he bent to retrieve her hair and saw something wink in the shadow at the base of the wall.

He picked it up, half disbelieving, stared at it and dropped it into his pocket. Old Mrs. Cleary was not going to be disappointed after all.

They walked back up the deserted street past the dreary brownstones, past the tired ashcans. Once on arrest has been made, the manual said, the prisoner should be booked without delay... Booked and badgered, fingerprinted and cross-examined, publicized and pressured. This was a decent girl, whatever was haunting her...

They came to Barney's diner, brightly lighted as usual. He hesitated, still holding her arm, then pushed open the door. "I'm hungry," he said, "even if you're not." He guided her to the far end. "The usual, Barney. For two." "Coming up!" said Barney. He looked once at the patrolman and the white-faced girl, but only once. Man runs a diner, he learns to mind his own business. He put coffee and doughnuts in front of them and went away.

The policeman took off his cap and put it on the stool beside him. Without it, he looked abnormally young.

"Funny thing," he said to the girl. "I wasn't looking for trouble down by the river tonight. I was looking for this."

From his pocket he drew the little medal. He put it on the counter. It showed Saint Christopher fording the river with the Christ Child on his shoulder. He touched it with a big finger. "I'm not a very regular churchgoer myself, but they tell me he's a pretty good fellow to know. Help people over deep rivers, some-

Midnight



They walked up the deserted street
past the dreary brownstones . . .

times, they say—but never into them.” She said nothing. The rigid look was still on her face.

“This coffee’s pretty good,” he said. “Why don’t you tell me what’s bothering you?”

She did not answer. She sat there, motionless, unresponsive, and he wondered wearily if maybe he hadn’t better take her on down to headquarters and turn her over to the matron and be done with it. But something made him try once more.

He touched the insignia on his sleeve. “See that? It means I’m in the Traffic Division. And you know, life is sort of like driving a car in heavy traffic. We all make mistakes now and then, get tickets for speeding or other violations, get our licenses denied; sometimes have a real smash-up when it isn’t even our fault. But you can’t just quit.”

“No?” she said dully. “Why not?”

“Because you never know how your action will affect somebody else.”

She brought her left fist slowly up from her lap. She opened it, and he saw for the first time the thin gold wedding ring and the crumpled ball of yellow paper.

He smoothed out the paper and read the telegram. It was from the War Department in Washington. It began: *With deep regret we must inform you . . .*

“There’s nobody,” she said. “Not now.”

He took a swallow of his coffee, groping for an answer, knowing that there was no answer, really, for anyone at a time like this. But if, just for a moment, he could break through that frozen shell of grief, make her think of something other than herself, it might help.

“Look,” he said. “Let me tell you a story. Back in the Mid-Twenties there was a girl. She wasn’t much older than you. She’d only been married a few months when her husband died suddenly, like yours. He was a Revenue Officer; a run-runner shot him . . .”

He glanced sideways, to see if she was listening.

“This girl didn’t want to go on living

either,” he went on. “But she did. And in the end it made quite a difference to someone.”

He broke a doughnut carefully. “Three years later she married again and had a baby. The baby grew up to be a big flatfoot, pounding a beat . . .” She was staring at him now. “Not much of a career so far,” he said. “But I’ll tell you this: he’s awfully glad to be alive.”

She kept staring at him. Then, suddenly, she buried her face in her hands; her shoulders shook.

He sat quietly, saying nothing, letting her cry. There were no instructions about this in the manual, but he knew that a woman who can soften her grief with tears will master it in the end.

He gave her the handkerchief. “Why don’t you go on home and try to sleep?” he said gently. “It’s going to be tough, awfully tough. And lonesome. But you’ll make it. After tomorrow I’ll be on day duty again. You can find me around here any time in case you want to return the handkerchief.”

She said uncertainly, “You mean I can go now?”

“If you’ll go straight home. Will you promise?”

She nodded. “Thank you,” she said, and turned away quickly.

HE WATCHED her go, feeling the pity turn like a knife inside him, wondering whether he would ever see her again. It was odd, but he had a distinct feeling that he would.

He put a coin on the counter. By rights, he knew his conscience should be bothering him a bit. He had disobeyed the manual from start to finish. On top of that he had told a deliberate lie: his mother, bless her, was still married to her first and only husband, a respectable bricklayer.

Two violations, certainly, to answer for in the traffic code of life. But he was smiling as he picked up Mrs. Cleary’s medal. Saint Christopher would fix those tickets if anybody could.

The End

Drink to your health

It's a pleasure!



V-8 gives you the
lively taste and nourishment
of 8 garden-fresh juices



This delicious blend of juices, so lively to taste, so rich with vitamins and minerals, brings you the pleasure of garden-fresh flavor . . . whenever and wherever you want it!

For V-8 is a blend of the choicest vegetables from summer gardens—the pure juices of tomatoes, carrots, beets, spinach, parsley, celery, watercress, and lettuce. Enjoy this fresh-lasting, low-calorie drink. Children love it—grownups drain the glass, too!

*V-8 Vegetable Juices is a delicious blend of 8 juices in one drink.

*V-8 is a trademark owned by the makers of Campbell's Soups.

The Public Eye



ELSA TAKES A TUMBLE

The best-laid plans of even party-giver Elsa Maxwell can go far astray. In this instance it was somebody else's party — a charity ball in Paris — and Miss Maxwell was giving a parody of Mae West. But the act ended abruptly when a stool wasn't quite where she thought it was, and Elsa landed hard. Her injuries were psychic.



HOVERING CAMERA

Much-photographed New York has been caught from yet another angle — a helicopter, which photographer Ray Kuhn



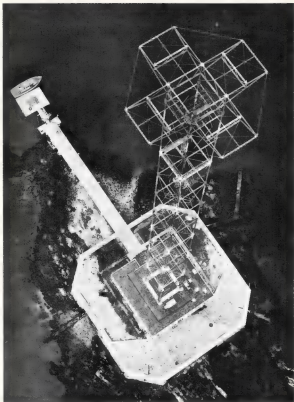
CONJUGAL



WEEK WORLD

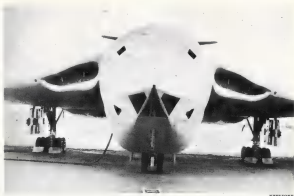
IT'S GOOD ANYWHERE

As has been noted in a good many places, romance will flourish under almost any conditions. For example, it appears to be developing at the 15-month-old level (left) in a day nursery in Manchester, England. And in London's Battersea gardens, two carnival celebrants (at right) manage to kiss through a pair of massive masks



found an ideal platform — both mobile and stationary. At left above, he shot the toll gates on the Henry Hudson bridge

at Manhattan's north end; center above, the WCB's tower in Long Island Sound; at right, 34th Street, looking toward Queens



PORTRAIT OF "VICTOR"

This is the mournful full-front view presented by Britain's new four-jet bomber, the Handley Page "Victor." Ear-like cavities on either side of cabin are intakes for jet engines, which can develop power of 25 locomotives. Victor, say its makers, will fly higher and faster with a bigger bomb load than any other plane on earth



The Wreck of THE MAID OF

In a recently discovered journal, a courageous and resourceful woman who went to sea with her husband movingly records an ill-fated voyage 80 years ago

by Emily Wooldridge

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This Week's Book

"The Wreck of the Maid of Athens" (Macmillan; \$2.75), portions of which are reprinted below, is the journal of a shipwreck. It was reconstructed by Emily Wooldridge from the diary she kept in a tattered account book during an ill-fated voyage she made in 1869-70 with her husband, who was for the first time commanding his own ship. Before she died in the early 1920's she gave the manuscript to her doctor, who kept it until a few years ago and then turned it over to Laurence Irving, a grandson of the famous actor, Henry Irving. Irving edited the manuscript for publication and illustrated it with a number of pen-and-ink drawings, some of which are reproduced on these pages.

Near the end of November, 1869, the Maid of Athens, a 52-foot brigantine, sailed from London for the Pacific Coast of South America with a cargo of tannin and iron boilers. On board were the owner and captain, Richard Wooldridge; his wife Emily, 25, and a crew of 10, two of whom were washed overboard and drowned in a storm in January of the following year. On February 16, 1870, the Maid of Athens was approaching Cape Horn at the southern tip of South America. The names mentioned in Emily Wooldridge's narrative are those of crew members.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the evening I was dozing, the Captain fully dressed lying down on a locker in the sitting cabin; the lamp was burning under the binnacle, and a candle in my sleeping cabin, when I heard a man tumble downstairs and say, "On deck quick, sir!" I wondered what was amiss now, when down came the Captain again saying, "Steward, a lantern quick!"

I jumped up hearing the Captain speak and to my horror, at my back on my bed was dense smoke. I seized my stockings, two odd boots, in stooping for which I saw the ship's matches under my bed. I caught them up and put them into someone's hands to go on deck, back again, on with one or two petticoats. I thought what shall I save? The ship's papers caught my eye in their tin box, only it was

too full to shut. Out of my cabin again, saw a piece of string tying a chair to the door handle, took it off, bound the box and sent it on deck, back again into my cabin and put a thin woolen jacket, dressing gown, shawl, and something on my head, then began to choke and could not see anything for smoke.

Steward gave up all idea of lanterns, and was busy getting out biscuits, tins of meat, a ham, cheese, half a bag of flour; as the men were downstairs they took up knives, forks and spoons, but in the midst of our bustle came the dreadful cry, "Get the boats ready!"

I shuddered, but being unable to bear the smoke any longer, I went up on deck choking.

As I passed the Steward I saw a rug and said "Bring it up." He followed me immediately for some fresh air, then he went down again and put on more clothes, but was up again very quickly. The men were throwing buckets of water down the after hatchway, the smoke coming up in clouds; soon it was too dense to bear so the hatch was shut over, and small holes made in the deck, but up came flames, and the hold looked like a furnace; then the holes had to be stopped up with canvas, although water was constantly thrown down.

WHEN the Captain saw I was on the poop, he ordered the companion doors to be shut, and no one to go down again, but the Steward made a dive and brought up the Captain's sextant, another compass, a chart, the Epitome and parallel rules, but the doors were shut.

From the outset the Captain was steering direct for Staten Island off Tierra del Fuego, trusting that there we might land and save the ship and cargo. Once the Captain came and kissed me, telling me what he was doing, and whether there was anything more I should like brought up from the cabin, because he would get it for me. I remembered a small box, in the tray of another box, which contained a five pound note and a little gold; he instantly opened the companion doors and went down, returning almost immediately carrying up the tray.

I anxiously watched for the morning, the moon went down and as the grey dawn broke, we could see the high mountains of Staten Island breaking through the clouds. All these hours the Captain and the men had been hoisting the longest over the side, and into her were put the few provisions, charts, and anything else that had been saved. Directly it was daylight the Captain thought I should be more sheltered if I went to sit in the gallery,

so I went, but had to walk very tenderly over the main deck, it was beginning to burn so thin; as I walked the Captain and men looked shocked I was so thinly clad.

While I was in the gallery I could see the longest which was hanging over the side by tackle ready for lowering, and what fearful knocks she was having every time the ship pitched or rolled heavily. I thought if we were to escape in her, she will leak. Presently the Captain came to me and said the Steward had again dived down into the cabin and found me a dress.

The Steward had felt about and carried up all he could put his hands upon, bringing up the ship's chronometer, but it was all done very quickly, and every place shut up again in case the air should make the flames worse.

I put on my dress, rolling up some other things in a bundle to put in the boat. We were hourly coming nearer the land, which looked

most forbidding, with very high bleak mountains clad with snow, one nearest the sea being covered with trees, but owing to the wind that usually blows in these parts, we could see little else than the white trunk of the trees. It was getting on in the day, as I supposed about one o'clock, so as I began to think we might have much to contend with on landing, suggested we should all have some food, and open one of the two bottles of gin.

So all the men came on the poop and one of the Steward's nice loaves was cut and each man had a piece; but when my slice was given me I could not swallow it, so took some cold water and gin, and felt thankful. In the box tray my purse came up and also my shopping pencil and a bill, so my dear husband wrote on it: "Feb. 16, 1870, the Maid of Athens on fire, Captain, wife and eight men running for Staten Island, for God's sake come and help us." This he put into the gin bottle which



ATHENS

had a glass stopper, and tied it round with string and then threw it overboard. Where is that bottle now, I wonder?

Soon a man was sent aloft to look out for a bay with a sandy beach; one or two were reported rocky, so we paused on, until at last an open bay was before us with rocks running out, but inside a sandy beach, and into this bay (Port Parry) we sailed. The longboat was lowered, into which the Steward, Harris and Lawson jumped; the boat began to leak, we could see, but when they had rowed a little way, they shouted for the "Mimosa" to come. I shook my head and the Captain ordered them to make haste for the land.

In a very short time the mainmast was lowered, and every moment we expected to strike. The Boatwain was at the wheel: each man gave me his advice, not to touch the main boom, in case the mast should go when we struck as they all expected the shock would throw them off their feet; I felt a little bewildered, but looked at the Captain, who was standing as usual, so I thought I would do the same. When the first gentle bump came, I said, "Oh poor little ship!" and I could have cried for her. We only struck three times and then she heeled over slightly, the sea broke with great force over her and caused her to lurch over a little more.

Directly she struck we all left the poop (the wheel was flying round and round) and gave our attention to the small boat, which was put over the side. I looked into the galley and took out all the saucepans and frying pans, a big boiler, and any of the men's

clothes that were on deck and threw them into the boat.

At last the boat was said to be ready. The chronometer and all the carpenter's tools were in. The boy got over the side, Sargent, Oates, Fielding and I following, the Captain and Hayward remaining to lower us away; the instant we touched the water, a tremendous sea came over us; the Captain looked over expecting to see us swamped, but we were all right, only delayed. Hayward wanted the Captain to come down, but the Captain ordered him down first.

Just then another sea struck us, and Hayward came down, and the Captain seeing another wave coming shouted to us to shove off and leave him, but I called out "Come down!" with agony in my voice, and he came down by a rope, which turned round his leg, and the next wave nearly pulled him overboard. However that was cleared, and we were off, when a mighty sea came. The Captain, who was at my back, said, "Oh God we are gone!" but the boat was lifted right up and sent flying along. I had shut my eyes, expecting to feel myself struggling in the sea, instead of which, when I recovered, the boat was still under me, although we were sitting in water up to our necks; why we did not sink I don't know. The next wave was expended before it reached us, and the boat was on shore, the first three men rushing into the surf and helping to drag her up the beach; for an instant no one moved, when one and all made a rush at me, and I was lifted out and carried on to the dry sand.

The water poured from my clothes, they

Drawings by Laurence Irving



a thankful heart to God for our wonderful escape, we looked about us"



"THE LONGBOAT was taking much time; three men were caulking her. The Captain knew that on so perilous a journey not to have a watertight boat under us was death"

were so heavy; the Steward had led me up over some large stones, and sat me on a rock, at the same time handing me a brandy bottle, but what with an inclination to cry and shivering, I could not take any. John was the next up, then followed the Captain, we had a kiss, and with a thankful heart to God for our wonderful escape, we looked about us.

The fire on the Maid of Athens soon burned out, and the captain and crew were able to rescue and bring ashore some of the ship's provisions. They pitched camp on a hill, which Emily Woodbridge christened the Mount, and began repainting the battered longboat in preparation for the 500-mile trip to the English port of Stanley in the Falkland Islands.

Monday, February 28, 1870

The longboat was taking much time, and three men were caulking her, but after dinner three men went away for a walk along the beach; so the Captain examined the boat, and to his horror he found instead of caulking her, Harris and Lawson had filled up the seams with putty, and in many places daylight could be seen through. So the Captain trusted no one again, but went over each seam himself, then canvas was dipped in tar and put on, and soap tins or pieces of copper nailed on. The Captain knew we were going on so perilous a journey that not to have a watertight boat under us was death, and it was only through the absence of Lawson and Harris he found out their bad work.

Four men visited the wreck and brought on shore the kedge anchor, some tins of white lead and a cask of vinegar; some Holloway's ointment and pills had been found, and Sargent used to take 30 pills (or so he said) and rub in boxes of the ointment as he still complained of his rheumatism when any work was to be done, but should a penguin or goose come on shore, he was one of the most nimble in giving chase.

Tuesday, March 1

The men still employed over the boats, except Harris and Lawson, who went away collecting shellfish. In the afternoon the crew went on board the wreck and found a cask of salt beef, some more white lead, and a grinding-stone. Steward was busy pulling off the sheets of copper upon down the ship's side. I saw the nails fall on to the wet sand; I picked them up and soon had my pockets full of them. The sheets of copper were brought up to the boats. The poor little ship had by this time made a hole or bed for herself, the

sea, when the tide was out, being about a foot deep towards the bows, but the stern was quite open to the sea. The men had put a ladder under the bows by which they climbed over into the hull.

Wednesday, the 2nd

Oates laid up with rheumatism and cold. The rest of the men still busy over the longboat. The men's clothes were all beginning to look very ragged and worn, their boots quite worn out, and they either went barefooted or tied sacks on their feet. The sacks were warm, but soon were wet through unless they were up by their caulkings.

The earth round about their fire and tent was quite free from grass, and with the constant walking was quite hard. The men's fire was always kept alight, and nine tin from it was used for making soap. Our fire had made deep holes in the ground. I had some of the large stones or shingles brought up to the Mount to fill up my hole, and when once the stones were hot, they made the fire keep alight better, and give out extra heat.

Friday, the 4th

A rainy day; nobody could work. It was such a miserable day, everything wet and damp, the fire all but going out, giving me constant work keeping it alight. I felt cold and miserable—nowhere to sit out of the rain except in the tent and that was nearly all bad, and I was afraid of making that damper than it already was. In the afternoon after a shower the Captain put on his overcoat and went down on the beach to make sure the boats were safe; he had the longboat pulled still higher up and made well fast to the trees.

It was so cold I did not go from my fire, but when the Captain returned he told me that on going along the beach with some of the men, they saw a huge sea lion lying asleep. Of course they all rushed up to it, and Lawson, having the axe, was told to strike it on the nose; the Captain only had a cask stove. Lawson struck it on the head, when the monster arose, saw them, gave a great roar, and began to make for the sea, they following and striking it, which it did not feel. It faced them again when it got to the sea, again roared, then disappeared. When I heard about this monster, I felt vexed that I had not seen it, and vowed no weather for the future should keep me up at the Mount all day. Besides, this was a real adventure, and I not to see it!

I made it my first duty on leaving the tent in the morning to give out the provisions for the

Continued on page 26

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Look for this special-offer 2-bottle package at any cosmetic counter!



TODAY'S EXPERT: "Go home by yourself and don't play the martyr!"



EXTRA WOMAN

by **Lizabeth Scott**

SCREEN STAR

The unescorted lady doesn't have to be a nuisance to her married friends. Here are tips

The extra woman, unlike the extra man, is not always considered a bright and shining asset by her married friends. She may be gay, charming and arrive bearing gifts, but she may also become a worry to her hostess and a burden to her hostess's husband.

As a bachelor girl myself, I know that from the age of 18 on, a girl starts having married friends. And widows and divorcees invariably remain friends with a few of the couples from the married set they used to travel with.

Certain things seem like minor details to the single girl may make her married friends shy away from the thought of inviting her to dinner again. I'll never understand why a girl who bristles with independence when it comes to handling her job or living alone, suddenly crumples into a helpless creature when it involves getting to or from her married friends' homes under her own power.

Don't always depend upon the husband to deliver you. He's already put in long hours and there's nothing that will make him more fractious than the prospect of having to put on his coat and drive you home again, no matter how affable he may appear about it. Once in a while a man will enjoy being the gallant, but not always. It's a good idea to handle your

own transportation quietly, without making a martyr of yourself or a heel out of the husband. Of course, if you have your own car there's no problem. If you're going by taxi, phone for one yourself. If it's by bus, treat it lightly so that your friends don't feel called upon to protest out of courtesy.

It's very tempting in this arrangement to accept dinner invitations and put off entertaining in return. Taking the wife to lunch is an easy and pleasant way to play hostess, but there may be times when you'll want to do it up brown by taking both the husband and wife to dinner. You can easily arrange in advance with the restaurant manager to have no check presented at the table so that you can pay later.

But no matter how subtly you do it, your friend's husband will probably squirm like a haddock on a hook if he's seated alone with two women knowing that the treat's on one of them. I've found that it's much easier on everyone if you invite several people, so that it assumes the proportions of a party. This sort of entertaining may not fit every woman's pocketbook, of course. Don't overlook the cozy dinner you can give in your own apartment.

When you're with your married friends, be careful. Don't give the impression you're pursuing the husband. Pay equal attention to husband and wife. On the other hand, don't start a "we women" campaign with the wife, excluding the husband.

For your own comfort as well as theirs, you'll have to use your dis-

cretion as to which of your married friends' invitations to accept and which to turn down. To avoid that "fifth wheel" look, duck dances as you would crooked stocking seams. That's the time when there will be a crowd. You can go to a party with them and have fun provided you know some of the people and can mix instead of clinging all night to the couple who brought you.


I've found that married friends invariably love to play match-maker. This is fine, and no girl will deny that married friends are a great way to meet men. Except that some of them get carried away.

The best way to handle these well-meaning couples is not to let them get the impression that you're love-starved. Some unattached women give this impression by asking, every time they see their married friends, "Do you know any exciting new men?"

It's much better if you gently convey the idea that you're interested in meeting men, but you have certain standards, too. However, since the date is arranged and you discover you're with a man you wouldn't want to be found dead with, take it easy. When your friends ask you about him, just say something like, "We didn't have much in common."

I've always felt that every extra woman should have, besides a burglar alarm, a charming, platonic escort who can appear or vanish at will.

But since few of us can have such a convenient arrangement, the next best thing is to know how to have married friends.



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TIE-RACK FORMULA

by Bert Bacharach

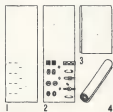


exactly... Here's a "Peasant Sandwich" as made in Paris: Put Swiss cheese between slices of pumpernickel, butter the outside of the bread and sauté in a pan.

Homo Help: You'll be able to hear your phone ring when you're in the basement if you put a metal pen on the floor and the phone atop it... When you've emptied a tube of toothpaste or shave cream, put the little screw top in your change pocket. It will remind you to buy a new tube... Was your license plates to keep them as bright as the body of the car.

Hair Line: Movie star Howard Keel, who has a fine head of hair, is stumping for wider and more tolerant acceptance of toupees for men whose hair is sparse. Sees no reason why men shouldn't improve their appearance. Women do.

Orderly: An ingenious reader, tired of digging through a cluttered box to find cuff links, tie clasp, etc., offers a solution to the chronic men's jewelry problem. It's simple and it keeps the jewelry from getting marred or scratched. Take a piece of any soft fabric about 18 inches long (see drawing, 1). In the lower half cut a number of small slits (or ask your wife to make buttonholes). Insert cuff links and studs in the slits (2)



and clamp or pin collar pins, tie bars, etc., on the remainder of the lower half of the cloth. Fold the top half over as a protective cover (3). Roll up (4) and it's ready for the bureau drawer or suitcase.

Pass the Cigars: This week to — Comedian Danny Thomas, who'll go any distance in order to aid a charity. One recent evening, he finished a show, then drove 275 miles to entertain at a charity event. And this story came from the recipient — not from Danny.



TV TEAM: Green (left) and Foster watch their contrasts

Do you spend a lot of time grouping over your tie rack in the morning, wondering which one will go with the suit you're going to wear that day? There's a cardinal rule of good grooming that will help you out, and it's demonstrated (above) by Murt Green and George Foster, a top TV writing team. Green wears a light-ground tie with his dark suit while Foster combines a dark-toned tie with a light suit. The rule: choose for contrast and you'll have better-looking outfits.

Handyman Hints: If you do carpentry work on a ladder, tack a small nasal jar cover on the top rung, to hold nails and screws... If your shower head doesn't function as it did when new, it may be because of clogged holes. If detachable, take it off and give it a good hot soapy washing... File the contact points of an electric plug occasionally, to prevent oxidation and assure a steady flow of current to the appliance.

Shoe Tip: To lessen squeaks in soles and to keep them pliable, rub them with meat's-foot or linseed oil. But keep oil off the uppers.

Amateur Chef: To keep bacon strips from tearing as you separate them, first roll the package gently. The slices will come apart easily... If you want your frankfurters to be skinless, soak them in cold water. When dry, the skin peels off

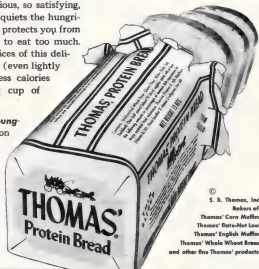


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Cabin shown: Flarey Ceramics and Silliman with Black Festive Strip, Dark Thermal Tile and Black Kambere



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The Asphalt Tile of
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CARD message to "Drop Dead"
has found a million takers



MEET ROBERT REITZ, WHO MADE A SMALL FORT



"DROP DEAD"

THIS greeting-card industry will probably remember 1952 as the year America blew its psychological gasket.

Up until then, the post leasers who mass-produce thoughtfulness for all occasions from cradle to Mother's Day figured they knew their customers like a book: Americans were a misty-eyed, sentimental lot who loved their neighbors so much that they annually spent around \$230,000,000 to send them a half billion satin-hearted and flowered cards to dear ones who were having anniversaries, babies, bumps, milestones and gallstones.

This state of affairs delighted everyone in the industry except Robert Reitz, an abstract painter whose views are perhaps best expressed by his Christmas card showing a cherub giving Santa Claus a hotfoot.

Reitz first got started several years ago. One night, yielding to an irresistible temptation, he slipped seven "joker" cards of his own design into the racks of the Four Seasons Book Shop — his headquarters — in New York's Greenwich Village. They didn't say anything like "Get Well Quick" or "Happy Birthday."

They just said, "Drop Dead!" Before the shop closed that night, Reitz knew he had hit upon a national need. The seven "Drop Dead" models had been grabbed up within the first hour by delighted customers.

Four years later, 600 dealers were clamoring for Reitz's line of 12 Hate Cards. The "Drop Dead" card leads in popularity with a million sales. "Get Lost" isn't far behind. Another hit is the Reitz brain-child "You Burn Me Up!" with an illustration of a man igniting a fair lady at the stake. Another hit is the anniversary card, showing an unhappy couple bound back-to-back with the message "Still Together?"

Sales are booming in all urban centers and college towns. One San Francisco book store, limping along the road to bankruptcy, attributes its complete financial recovery to the Hate Card hype. Other manufacturers are already challenging Reitz's monopoly.

He's Dashed

WE FOUND the perpetrator of America's latest mania surrounded by "Drop Dead" samples in his office in Greenwich Village. Reitz is a scholarly looking man who wears tweed spectacles and a bow tie. Success seems to have left him dazed and contrite.

"Imagine getting one of these damned cards in the mail," he said, fondling one of his creations. "At first I was ashamed at what I had done. But I'm sort of reconciled to the idea now. This 'Drop Dead' thing alone has made enough money for me to buy a house in the country and a new car."

Reitz evidently doesn't have anything against a villa on the Riviera either: he's



MORE Reitz creations. Birthday card (center) will be dropped: it's "too strong"



UNE OUT OF TELLING PEOPLE TO

AD!"

by Leslie Lieber

toying with the idea of bringing out a "Drop Dead" card in French (*Tremble Raisé Mort!*).

"It tests me why these burlesques have become such a hot item," Reitz continued. "Of course, there's a limit to our literary may-

hem—one birthday card shows a woman pouring poison in somebody's birthday cake. We really went out of bounds on that one—much too strong. We're going to have to drop it from our line."

Reports from the field indicate

that three out of four Hate Card purchasers are women. According to mumbles overheard by selenites, the fair sex buys them with the intention of sending them to their best friend, their worst enemy, their boss.

"The intent behind these cards," said one psychologist, "is precisely the same as a practical joke. These cards afford a kind of half-serious, half-joking way of letting off steam without having to come face-to-face with our 'target.'"

The Pay-off

REITZ, however, isn't making any generalizations about psychological motives. "The other day a pretty girl came up to me in the store and said, 'Sir, I want to thank you. For the past five years I've been working alongside a handsome bachelor executive. He never paid the slightest attention to me until one day I sent him a Drop Dead card. Now we're going to get married.'"

Reitz admits that part of his inspiration came from William Steig's "I Hate People" cartoons. Also, he has long been an admirer of the gruesome humor of Charles Addams. We asked if he had ever acknowledged his indebtedness to these two celebrated artists.

"No, I haven't," he said, looking up with an eager glint in his eyes. "Come to think of it, I'll send them both 'Drop Dead' cards tomorrow morning." *The End*



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4. Keeps plates tight while laughing, singing, even sneezing.
5. Made, guaranteed by Polident.

THE MAID OF ATHENS

Continued from page nineteen

day, viz. a piece of beef or pork, rice or flour or preserved potatoes, enough for three meals, and, properly managed, each one would have a little. For our two selves on four days I would take two tablespoonsful, mix it with water and fry it in pork fat; we were thankful enough for it. On potato days, a very little of the preserved potatoes put into boiling water, and let it stand by the fire until of the proper consistency, even if as waxy as fry it in lard fat for tea.

Our tea was sweetened with molasses; for a long time I could not fancy it, and drank cold water, but the Captain, seeing me one morning looking cold and white, insisted upon my trying the tea; when I overcame the disagreeable feeling of drinking hot tea out of a hot pan-tin, I did not dislike it, although it was mouldy tea and the molasses had a taste of salt. I was thankful I kept so well on such fare, but I was very thin and my skin was tanning with so much exposure.

Toward the end of the month the longboat was ready. A tiny wicker-looked cubbyhole had been constructed in the bow to shelter Emily Wainwright, and a canvas screen put up to protect the men, at least to some degree, from wind and spray.

Three members of the crew refused to risk the long voyage to the Falklands and stayed behind on Staten Island, hoping to be rescued at a later date, as they were.

Monday, March 28th

We were all up early. When everything was put in the boat, she was hauled up to some rocks and all we stepped in most carefully, trying not to either wet our feet or knock down the canvas bulwarks, but John when his turn came made a false spring and into the sea he went, seizing hold of the canvas at the same time to prevent himself from falling. Everyone shouted at him, and he scrambled in wet and miserable. It was most provoking when we all wished to start dry, and keep the boat dry.

The canvas was re-nailed up, then everything was pronounced ready and once more we rowed out of the Bay, and when we felt the breeze, hoisted our sail and commenced our voyage.

About noon we were in a nasty sea, making the boat jump about, and the sea making a strange rippling noise; we were making no way at all, so the Captain ordered out the oars, to pull us

through, and it was some time before we passed through this most disagreeable of tide rips. We opened a tin of preserved meat for dinner.

Sunday, April 3rd

The men most difficult to make, more careless than men under the tarpaulin. After repeated calling, Hayward relieved Fielding at the tiller. Fielding had been sleeping, and the boat was out of her course. The Captain had her put right, and when Hayward was steering, we had some bread and cold tea. During the morning, the Captain read us the history of Esther. I thought his voice sounded weak, but I made no remark.

I made up after the Captain had finished reading, and the men asked questions about Eastern life, which my husband answered, giving them descriptions. He told Fielding to look well ahead for land, because he thought we ought to see land during the afternoon, unless we had sailed too far to the East. A most disagreeable sea was fast coming up and the boat jumping about; the sail was hauled close to the wind, but the Captain noticed that the main sheet was chafed where it went through the block, so Hayward upsticed it, Oates taking the tiller.

We were cutting through the water, and again the Captain told Fielding to look for land, but he saw nothing and sat down looking very miserable. Soon the Captain said, "Hayward, what is that ahead?" And Steward answered "Land!" and land it was, but far away. We sailed on, and before dusk we were close in. I looked out and saw it; all night we sailed along by the land, Beuchee Island on our right.

Soon after noon on Monday, we sighted the lighthouse; how grand it was, how it stood out with its broad bands of white and black, and as the day drew in, we saw the light. I poked my head out of my hole and declared I saw either a house or a cow, but I felt doubtful. Then, suddenly, I said, "Why there is a man coming down to the beach!" So we stood in and the man hailed us; but his voice was so low, it was impossible to make ourselves heard. We heard that we could land there, but I saw surf, and begged the Captain to go up to the boat. As we were passing, the men taking out the oars and pulling, until we were round the

Continued on page 42

ATHLETE'S FOOT

What it is
How you get it
How to get relief



Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, they can burrow under skin, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.



Raw cracks between toes invite Athlete's Foot—especially in summer when feet perspire most. When Athlete's Foot fungi infect, skin reddens, itches, and flakes off.



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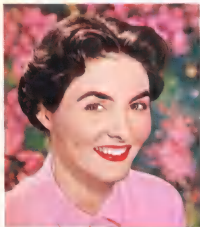
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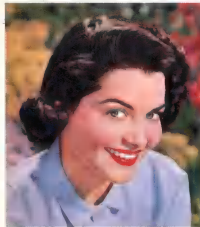
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Adrienne Garrett



Hope Lange



June Tolley



Mary Warner



Pat Grady

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EAST GERMAN MILITIA: Two of their units refused to quell Brandenburg's uprising

CASE HISTORY OF A REVOLT

Continued from page nine

Brandenburg steel plant. The steel men formed a seven- or eight-man strike committee in 10 minutes. They decided to inform all the other factories and the committee drew up a five-point program closely resembling the East Berlin demands they had heard over the radio. These were:

1. Lower the production norms. Kill the last 10 per cent increase immediately.
2. Decent food.
3. A 40-per-cent cut in food and consumer goods prices.
4. Resignation of the East German Communist government.
5. Free elections.

March Into Town

This steel men overpowered the works police. They stormed and demolished the plant's Communist administration office. Along with the construction crew, they poured out of the works, almost 1,500 strong. They headed down a road across the fields toward the town.

They began chanting their demands. The excitement mounted. They grew silent as they came to the Russian troop barracks on the left side of the road — red stone buildings housing 1,000 Soviet infantrymen. The Russians seemed to ignore them.

The strike leaders dispatched messengers to the nearby Ernst Paul Lehmann toy factory. The 30 toy makers had also heard the radio. They rushed out to join the steelmen. A couple of blocks later 80 workers from the Lincolntoy company streamed into the crowd.

The marchers headed south into the center of town. The workers began to rip down every Communist banner, portrait and emblem in sight. Loud cheers went up every time a new piece of Red paraphernalia was destroyed.

Down came the pictures of Stalin, Ulbricht and Grotewohl. The crowd plied them on the street and made bonfires.

Down came Marx, too. In Leipzig and Magdeburg, also cities with past left-wing affiliations, workers at many points are reported to have left the portraits of "Father Marx" untouched. But in Brandenburg, Marx's bearded, venerable visage went up in flames.

The crowd crossed the shabby Thousand Years' Bridge over the Havel Canal. Next to the bridge lie the Thalesmünde shipyards. A strike committee had already been formed there. The shipworkers joined the main stream. Bicyclists were dispatched to call out the small Elizabeth steel plant and the Kummeler yards factory. The crowd grew constantly angrier — and larger — as it marched on. At the height of its fury five hours later it was about 18,000 strong.

The next leg was through the Main Street, heading across town in the direction of the tractor works. There the Red works police had acted swiftly and effectively. Warned by Communist headquarters, they had locked the gates and trapped the first shift inside.

Soon the main procession reached the plant. They saw what had happened. They seized long logs from a nearby timber yard, used them as battering rams and forced the gates. The tractor men scrambled out.

Death of "Hangman"

NEXT to the railway station. Forty-five railway employees rushed over from the freight yards.

Meanwhile in a school in the Gross Muenzenstrasse, 15-year-old school boys learned what was happening. They broke up a Russian-language class, beat up two teach-

ers, and raced out in the streets.

The tempo of the main crowd was reaching fever pitch. All shops were shutting. The 70 employees of the large government food distribution center joined the procession. The staff of the government-run department store followed suit. Meanwhile, a few men from the fisheries headed toward the jail.

The main crowd poured after them into Steinstrasse. They called for Bechtel, the hated prosecutor. He emerged from the courthouse brandishing a pistol. The crowd grabbed him before he could fire. They tied his hands, bound him to a chair and began beating him. "How many innocents have you killed, murderer!" they howled at him. He did not leave the courtyard alive.

The Jail Opens

A DELEGATION from the crowd pushed into the prison office. The People's Police voluntarily surrendered their weapons. Then occurred a scene that perhaps could take place only in a German revolution. The workers' delegation demanded the release of the political prisoners. But it must be done methodically. Bring out your records, they ordered.

They sat down with the jailers at a table. Meticulously they went through the docketers. They want only the political prisoners, they said, not the common criminals.

It took half an hour. Thirty-nine people were freed. The oldest were Theodor Richter, 75, and his wife Charlotte, 68. The youngest was Willie Untermaun, 16.

Then the crowd demanded Bendorfer, the "people's judge." They tied his hands behind his back and marched him to New Town Market Square, as they carried the liberated prisoners along

on their shoulders, cheering loudly. They pushed him up on to a Communist speaking platform in the square. "How many innocent people have you sentenced?" a strike leader cried.

"I have always been on your side," Benksdorf replied. "I have always given mild sentences."

That was too much for the crowd. Workers on the platform began to beat him with sticks. They made him shout again and again: "I will never give another sentence." Blood covered his head. He faints and fell. He survived.

More Assaults

It was about 11:30. Before the riot was over, these other installations were stormed:

The local headquarters of the Communist party secretary. Several security police at the door were dismissed. The mob demolished the interior, broke the windows, and hauled all documents and propaganda into a canal.

The "Philipp Mueller" House of Communist Youth, an installation that was also attacked on June 12.

The House for German-Soviet Friendship. Here the Red propaganda library was loaded on a truck and driven off to be dumped into the canal.

The Communist-run workers' clubhouses at the shipyards and tractor factory.

The Communist Trade Union House.

The headquarters of the Red-run National Democratic Party, a special group formed of ex-Nazis. It was also demolished.

During these wild scenes, the People's Police remained inert. They appeared to be receiving no orders from above, and lacked either the courage or the will to act on their own.

Here and there police were seen throwing their weapons into the canal. This spectacle of the Vopos deserting, and even joining the revolt, occurred all over East Germany.

Last Onslaught

But now an even more serious defection occurred. Two East German army units, each of slightly more than 1,000 men, stationed three miles north of town, were ordered out to quell the riot. They refused to leave their barracks.

The subsequent fate of these units — and of others that remained throughout the East Zone — is not yet known.

The Brandenburg Reds now lay out desperately to the East German army at Potsdam, 12 miles east. Potsdam rushed out a special unit of about 150 men.

They had already reached Brandenburg when the crowd launched its last major assault — against the headquarters of the SSD, the notorious German Communist security police. The crowd poured into Benksdorf Square, where the SSD is housed in a barracks-like structure built 223 years ago.

Deep inside the SSD headquarters, on a hidden courtyard, are

the interrogation cells of the Soviet MVD. The crowd was not to get that far, however. A platoon of the emergency army troops from Potsdam was already on guard.

About 1,000 people forced their way into the SSD outer courtyard. A few brown-clad soldiers, and several Volkspolizei, appeared at the second-floor windows. Others rammed the courtyard gate shut, with the crowd caught inside.

A woman policeman at one of the windows was seen taking aim into the courtyard. Shots rang out — fired by individual People's Police and army troops at the windows. Three persons fell dead: a carpenter, an unidentified woman, and a barber's employee, 17 years old.

About 30 more were wounded. The crowd fought to get out of the



EX-BOSS: War criminal Friedrich Flick once ran Brandenburg's steel works

yard. It overpowered the soldiers at the gate. It funneled through back into the main demonstration in the street, taking the wounded.

Meanwhile, People's Police cars with loudspeakers were circulating wherever they could pass. They announced a state of emergency and martial law in the name of the Russian military commandant at Potsdam. All civilians were to be off the streets from eight p.m. to six a.m. Gatherings of more than three people were forbidden.

The crowd ignored the order for a while longer. The streets were chaotic. It was almost four p.m. when between 300 and 300 heavily armed Russian soldiers moved slowly into the center of town in armored cars and trucks. They began firing in the air.

Russians Take Over

MEANWHILE, the strike committee from the steel works and the shipyard was arguing with Mayor Kuchnie at the town hall. They were going through their five-point program in detail. Yes, the mayor said, we will do everything to grant your justified demands.

Now the streets began to empty. The Russian armored cars and trucks took up positions at the key road junctions. With the German army troops from Potsdam, they

planted themselves at the post and telegraph offices, the electricity and gas works, the railway station, the jail and Communist party headquarters. Other Russian platoons occupied the factories.

Not sure quite what to do, the thousands of workers in the town streets started heading back to the factories. When the steel men got back to their plant, they stood around in groups discussing their next move. No one was sure. The night shift decided to stay out on strike. Slowly, individual workers began to head home.

Then the arrests began. About 60 men were seized, mainly at the homes, by next morning; in the following 24 hours, about another hundred. This process filled the jail of East Germany with more than 30,000 persons.

"Rowdies and Saboteurs"

Soon the Communist propaganda machine was working at full speed again. The day after the revolt, Communists distributed thousands of handbills:

"Residents of the Town of Brandenburg:"

"Provocateurs, rowdies and saboteurs paid by the warmongers tried to cause unrest among our workers and laboring population..."

"These provocateurs and rowdies, who consciously destroyed the people's property, worked in the service of the dispossessed warmongers, with the intention of restoring the old capitalist conditions, the 'exploiters' paradise'."

"Rally yourselves around the Party of the Working Class and the government. They are leading you to happiness and prosperity."

Two days later, the strikers were back at work, but barely going through the motions — a sullen, slowdown pace. The local Red paper "Vollstimme" printed the following report:

"The men at the foundries are striving tirelessly to fulfill their production plan ahead of time, as they promised to Walter Ulbricht [secretary-general of the East German Communist Party] for his 60th birthday."

Next Time?

AS MORE information leaked out to West Berlin in the ensuing days, these facts stood out:

The Brandenburg workers, in common with millions of others all over East Germany, could see that they had been well on the way to smashing the local Communist apparatus when the Russian Army stepped in. They had been defeated by Russian troops alone. But they knew that the East German Red regime had been hurt.

The Communists had been gripped with indecision, fear and mutiny in their own ranks. The mood of the workers was more defiant than before. In every factory they knew that, when the cards were down, the other factories would act with them. Next time — or the time after that — they would be able to organize things better.

Meanwhile, the workers kept their fists in their pockets. The End

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Above, left: Muted Scotch tweed that looks almost iridescent makes a precisely tailored suit, good commuter for town or country. Double-breasted classic jacket has notched collar. Skirt is slim. By Willi. Around one hundred dollars. At Russeks.

Above, right: Coordinated ensemble in Linton tweed. Back-flared coat is warm mixture of rose and plum plaid. One hundred fifty-five. Single-breasted suit picks up coat colors. One hundred nineteen. By Max Milstein. At Saks Fifth Ave.



At left: Brown and green Scotch tweed boxy jacket over dress with coral cashmere knit top, green tweed skirt. Maria Krum. Two hundred twenty-five. DePinna.

Above: Jacket of red, green and white nubby tweed (Lauri) over slim sheath in green tweed. Monte Sano & Pruzan. Three hundred fifteen. Bergdorf Goodman.

Photographs by Iva Rosenberg at The Lenox Shop, Hewlett, N. Y.
Hats by Sally Victor • Gloves by Kayser • Coro and Trifari Jewelry

TRAVELERS...TWEEDS

TWEEDS are always on the go. Woven in one country, designed and made in another, they look perfectly at home wherever they light. In this fall's fashion picture are Irish, British, French and Italian tweeds as well as America's best.

To suit the season, their texture is softer, their weight lighter. Even their colors have a new, soft elegance. Designers have used tweeds not only for coats and suits but for related jacket and dress costumes. A chiffon weight is specially spun for indoors.

EUGENIA SHEPPARD, Women's Feature Editor



Far left: Brown tweed flecked with beige (Worumbel) for beaver-collared great-coat. Push-up sleeves. By Harry Frechtel. One hundred seventy-five. Gunther Jaeckel.



At left: Casual tweed coat in brown and green (John Barr) buttons up to cowl-like collar. Leto Cohn Lo Balbo. One hundred thirty-five dollars. At Bonwit Teller.

Above: Belted shirt-waist jacket, knife-slim skirt in suit of Fortin's tweed, brown and black. Zelinka Matlick. Under ninety. At Bloomingdale's.



HE'S THE PRINCE

It may be business, but collecting and selling prints is fun, too, for the Harry Shaw Newmans

BY GUIN HALL

HARRY SHAW NEWMAN says his is the happiest career in the world. Ending his twenty-fifth year as an early American print dealer at the Old Print Shop in New York City, he says "There's something new to find every week. It's constant fun. What could be more wonderful than taking a leisurely trip to Europe with my wife and encountering in Cannes a collection of love tokens so valuable their sale price, when we returned, paid for our visit to the Riviera?"

Mr. Newman's reputation for expert knowledge, integrity and business sense in the world of prints can be learned only from talking to his friends, other dealers and his wife, Helen. "I'm just a shopkeeper," is all quiet, retiring Mr. Newman will say. But Mrs. Newman will produce Irving S. Olds' book "Bits and Pieces of American History" published in 1961 in which the dedication reads "To my friend, Harry Shaw Newman with affection and gratitude." She'll also point with pride to a plaque proclaiming Harry Shaw Newman "honorary curator of prints at the West Point Museum."

Prints are more than just a business for Mr. Newman. Twenty-five years ago, they were a hobby. Then he sold his first *Currier & Ives* print, one found in his grandmother's attic, and the sum of the sale lured him into business. His shop has always concentrated on



JOHN BURGESS

NEWMANS relax at home. Painting over fireplace shows Mr. Newman in clothes of another historic print man, Mr. Currier



MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT, circa 1865, is a print of the type Helen Newman prefers

OF PRINTS



VALENTINE, hand made in Pennsylvania in 1825 is one of antique love tokens in Mrs. Newman's collection

eighteenth century American prints, paintings and maps with Currier & Ives prints leading in popularity.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman lead an active life what with print-hunting jaunts all over Europe and America and commuting between their homes in Manhattan and Orient Point, L. I. Mrs. Newman spends much of her city time in volunteer work at the New York Foundling Home. She loves children and, if her husband would let her, would keep every print of a child that came in the shop. However, there is one collection to which she does hold exclusive rights—early American handmade valentines. The walls of their city apartment are covered with the dainty and elaborate cut-work designs of 18th century lovers.

Helen Newman is as pretty and dainty as her collection. Her feminine wiles and artifices have caused her conservative husband many a moment of embarrassment such as the furore in England when she asked their host, the late Duke of Westminster if he ever had any fun. And the time she kissed an aged male customer happy birthday.

"I was really upset," said Mr. Newman, "But strangely enough, the fellows seemed to like it. The Duke went upstairs to change to a more flamboyant tie and waistcoat and sold us the Audubon prints I had hoped to get. And the elderly man with the birthday, need-

less to say, is one of our best customers now."

The Old Print Shop has many good customers whose collections it completes like jigsaw-puzzles, filling in the missing pieces. Collectors save prints on endless subjects—autos, coffee, corsets, baseball, sugar, railroads, marine subjects, winter scenes, clipper ships, tennis and, of course, all of the 7500 titles published by Currier & Ives. The home community is also a popular subject Mr. Newman said, adding that his home in Orient Point is furnished with historical prints and paintings of local interest.

"The collector of today is different than ones of the past," Mr. Newman said. "Yesterday's dilettante kept his prized possessions locked away out of sight. Today's collector hangs his favorites where he and everyone else can see and enjoy them." Mr. Newman stresses the importance of acquiring quality if a collection is to be of real value. "The best often costs the most, but a collection made up of only the best is of unmatched value."

Mr. Newman is now a collector himself, having avoided the addiction as long as he could. His subject is the American flag and its pictorial history, which oddly enough, no one else has undertaken. He hopes to acquire the first print showing the flag and believes one will turn up with an earlier date than the 1781 now in his collection. *The End*



AMERICAN Homestead Winter, by Currier & Ives, is "perhaps the most popular" print of all the 7500 titles published by that firm



ST. LOUIS and New Orleans Packet print, made in 1864, is a rarity among the much sought-after prints of paddle steamboats



VIEW of City Hall, dated 1826, is typical of the popular local scenes Mr. Newman sells. He considers it the finest aquatint of that scene



SNOWY Heron, bought from Duke of Westminster, is a favorite Audubon



PIQUANTE Couturiere is one of a group of Philipon lithographs of working girls

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

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MISS DOROTHEA McGILL SCOTT, attractive young member of Richmond, Virginia, society, at The *Homestead*. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Scott says: "Like so many of my friends, I prefer Herbert Tareyton's cork tip, extra length and mild tobacco."



Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips... it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

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1 YOUTH can do anything — even put on its own shoes and socks



2 "AFTER ALL, I'm a big boy now..."



3 "GEE! I'm an expert at this stuff"



4 "WHAT? I am not taking too long!"

No HELP WANTED

Photographs by Ruth Orkin

THIS independent-minded young man pictured here is Mark Bosman, who is not quite two years old but full of self-confidence.

The son of Salvation Army Captain James Bosman, Mark lives at The Salvation Army Officer's Training College in New York; both his parents are on the school's staff and Mark is the school mascot. Photographer Ruth Orkin reports that the day she visited the school Mark had everybody in the dining room in stitches with a speech he delivered from his high chair on the subject of spinach.

However, as you can see from the last picture, Mark isn't really stubborn. After a brief struggle of 45 minutes or so, he gave in and let his mother put the shoes on for him.



5 SURRENDER. "Well, if you insist..."



SUNDAY BRUNCH

Perfect for a weekend, one of these leisurely, happy midmorning meals

This first "v" month ushers in many firsts—oysters, school, fall fashions and Better Breakfast Month. Everyone—from kindergartners to oldsters—needs a good breakfast for maximum efficiency and health regardless of the season. An adequate one consists of fruit, cereal and milk, bread and butter; a complete breakfast adds eggs or meat.

Brunches obligingly provide needed nutrition and eliminate a mid-meal to why not feature them on week-ends. Use the following "mainstays" and fill in according to the better breakfast pattern.

Sunday-Best Brunch

Crisp-fried Bacon: Start with a cold frying pan; fry bacon slowly over low heat, turning strips occasionally and pouring off drippings. Drain on paper towels and keep hot in the oven.

French Toast Sandwiches: Beat 4 eggs slightly; add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; pour into a shallow pan. Remove crusts from 12 slices of bread, dip in egg mixture so both sides are well soaked. Brown on both sides in hot bacon drippings. Spread 6 slices generously with strawberry preserves and top with remaining slices. Garnish with a berry and a parsnip sprig as a "berry-stem."

10-Minute Brunch

Fish Morsels: Place frozen ready-fried cod, ocean perch or haddock pieces in a pan. Broil about 4 inches from the heat for 8 to 10 minutes. Or, bake in a 425°F. oven for 20 minutes.

Savory Scrambled Eggs: For each serving, combine 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk or cream, 1 tablespoon grated sharp cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon minced onion, dash of salt and



SMILING pancake with sausage decor is a cheery note

pepper; beat with a fork. Cook in top of double boiler over simmering water, stirring occasionally.

Smiling Pancakes Brunch

Bake pancakes allowing 3 to 4 per serving. Cut eyes and mouth out of top pancake on the stack. Use a butter or margarine triangle for a nose, pieces of pork sausage for eyes, and 4 pork sausages for the coffee. To cook the sausages: place links in a cold frying pan and cook slowly over low heat 12 to 14 minutes, turning frequently. Add a tablespoon or two of the drippings to the heated syrup.

Omelet Brunch

Macaroni and Cheese Omelet

2 eggs, separated
4 ounces cooked macaroni
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cheese

Beat egg yolks well. Fold in macaroni, green pepper, pimiento, salt and cheese. Beat egg whites stiffly and fold gently into macaroni mixture. Pour into moderately

hot, well-greased skillet. Cook very slowly 20 minutes or until bottom of omelet appears nicely browned. Then put skillet in a 325°F. oven 2 to 5 minutes or until top is dry but not browned. Crease omelet through center and fold over. Turn out on a hot platter and serve immediately. Yield: 4 servings.

Canadian Bacon: Fry or broil bacon slices for about 5 minutes or until well browned.

For partied brunches, here are menus which are elaborate:

Satisfying Sandwich Brunch

Melon Rings with Crushed Pineapple

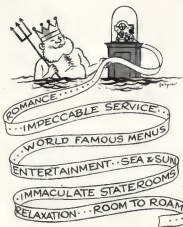
Western Sandwiches (eggs, onions, ham bits and green peppers on toast)
Broiled Tomatoes and Apple Slices
Sautéed Corn and Pimientos

Hot and Hearty Brunch

Grapefruit with Berries
Chicken Livers with Mushrooms
Scrambled Eggs (in casserole with grated cheese and salted almonds)

Tiny Parsley Biscuits
Coffee with Brandy
—**IRABEL ANICE MCGOVERN**

TRANSATLANTIC DIVIDEND



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29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y. OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

"IT'S GOOD TO BE



ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

Start your day right
with **BEECH-NUT Coffee**.
You can always depend on
the same rich coffee
satisfaction
pound after
pound!



Available in Regular, Drip
and Extra Fine Grinds



FRENCH toast sandwiches have jam in the middle



FISH morsels and scrambled eggs take 20 minutes



BUNIONS
Doctor's Super-Fast,
Soothing Relief!

Away goes pain when you put Scholl's Zino-pads on your bunion or enlarged joints. They stop shoe friction... lift pressure. Get a box today!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

No other column quite like Alsop's 4-times weekly Herald Tribune reports. incisive interpretations of U.S. goings-on match extraordinary foreign affairs grasp.



**NEVER BEFORE
SUCH CLEANING POWER!**

When science brought you Tide, it gave you a cleaning power that got clothes **CLEANER** than any other washing product you had ever used. Till Tide came along, you *never* had it so clean!

SO MILD! SO SAFE!

And now Tide combines its terrific cleaning power with wonderful mildness. Tide is so kind to hands . . . more so than any other detergent known. And so safe for all wash colors!

**DAZZLING WHITE CLOTHES!
NO BLEACHING! NO BLUING!**

Except for stubborn stains, no need to bleach! No need to blue! All by itself, Tide gets shirts, towels, sheets so dazzling **WHITE**, you'll be amazed! Try Tide next washday—see for yourself!



No wonder more women use **TIDE** in their automatic washers—in fact, in all kinds of washing machines—**than any other product!**



"You never had it so clean!"

Never before **Tide** was it possible to get your family wash so clean!

No washday soap—no other detergent known—

**NOTHING ELSE
WILL WASH AS CLEAN
AS Tide
—yet is so mild!**

be modern! drink **NO-CAL**

not a drop goes to "waist!"

absolutely
non-fattening!

ginger ale • cola • cream soda
black cherry • root beer

Delicious thirst-quenchers
for folks who watch their weight.
Perfect as an extra-dry mixer!



Big
16 oz.
bottle

2
for

29¢

NO DEPOSIT

all the flavor is in ...
all the sugar is out!

KIRCH BEVERAGES, BROOKLYN 4, N. Y.

Stomach Upset?



Family Favorite

Take
ENO
IT'S GOOD TASTING!

Remember—sparkling, good tasting Eno
helps neutralize gastric acidity. Its buffer-
ing antacid action gives effective relief over a long
period of time! That's why millions prefer Eno!

Mild Antacid—Gentle Laxative

One Smith in a Million

There are, at a guess, a million Smiths... but only one
of them is able to make an excellent living by making
sport of sports—which would explain why so many
non-sports readers break the rule (every day but Mon-
day) and read the one and the one-derful Red Smith's

"Views of Sport"

column in the

New York Herald Tribune

HAS ANYONE TOLD YOU?

Products you may not have heard about
indicate new trends for today's living

FEATHERWEIGHT golf bag (under two pounds) with prongs in the bottom, stands up-right in the ground. An aluminum frame with a plastic bag in black, brown, green or red. It sells for \$12.95 at Emil A. Schroth, 39 Hyatt Avenue, Newark 5, N. J.

TOWEL racks have been badly in need of some new styling and it's with pleasure we introduce the wall model shown here. Available in a triangular or circular shape in black iron or brass, it's marketed in New York by Mary Penland Associates, 220 Fifth Avenue. Sold by Lord and Taylor, the iron rack is \$2, brass is \$3.

INDOOR antenna for television sets to replace the ungainly type that sticks up like rabbit ears, is a 14" paper square with printed circuit that lies flat on top of the set. A directional dial handles the control. Price is \$5.95 from Beatcraft Products Co., 626 Broadway, N. Y. C.

PRETTY paste dispenser that can be left unattended out on the alcot of desks is covered in gold tooled leather. The paste is a special adhesive that bonds paper, cloth or leather in half a minute. The paste is dispensed as you press down on the ball tip. Called Dab-

N-Stik, it's put out by Millard Hansen, Inc., 153 West 23rd St., N. Y. C. It's \$1.95 with two refills at Sales Fifth Avenue.

KNIFE sharpener to hang on the wall looks and acts like a pencil sharpener. Angled grooves hold the blade at the proper slant against the revolving honing stone. Hoso-Rite is the name, \$5.50 from Hobbycraft Studios, Box 352, Highland Park, Ill.

CUTE trick in a laundry bag, for child or adult, is a hanging affair of Everglaze chintz shaped like a duck. Bright yellow with aqua and orange trim, it's \$2.95 from New England House, 367 High Rock St., Needham 92, Mass.

WHEELED cabinet with a built-in hamper and shelves is a convenient accessory for the laundry room. It's low enough to slide under an open counter top. The hamper is wicker and wood and lifts out easily. By Kitchen Maid Corp., 101 Park Avenue, N. Y. C., it's \$68.50.

When retail store is not mentioned, write to manufacturer for additional information. Prices are subject to change. They do not include postage unless it is otherwise noted.



Child's laundry bag is ducky



Some new style for towel racks



Paste dispenser is of leather



Knife sharpener hangs on wall



Cabinet has built-in hamper and shelves for laundry supplies

Use new **White Rain** shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water!

This new gentle **lotion** shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for.

White Rain



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni



PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY

Competition's Wonderful!

Johnny couldn't tell you whether Mary's Lotion smells, or her name on the sign, made him choose her lotion. But he's glad he did! Because let's face it—we all like to have somebody try extra hard to win our good will.

In fact, when so many brand manufacturers compete for your favor, as they do every day in this kind of race—it makes you feel pretty wonderful, doesn't it?

There's been competition in the chief reason we can all choose today from the biggest line-up of top-quality brands of merchandise ever offered to a purchaser anywhere in the world! Here's why: many of these brands' products never stop trying to improve their brands to increase our satisfaction. And why they keep us up-to-date about them in magazines like this.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 87 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

HELP THEM ESCAPE!

Continued from page seven

could be trusted to support the regime.

Will others follow me? My friend Jarwinsky has already flown his MIG to the same Danish airfield where I landed mine. He recently told me, "After your flight, an order was given not to approach the seacoast. They issued ammunition to us in order to open fire if another Jarecki tried to escape. Two of your colleagues, one who left the formation and landed after the others, and another who lost radio contact with the base, were taken away for interrogation and were never seen again. So you see, they are in a real frenzy that somebody else may escape."

Always Hungry

POLAND today is like a radish, red outside, white inside. In the event of war, I do not think the Poles will fight for Moscow. Why? Enlisted men in my outfit were fed on a diet of soup and black bread. They were always hungry. Many had contracted TB in the army. Besides, most of them shared my own secret, longstanding hatred of Communism and the Russians. None of us can forget what they did to us in the Warsaw uprisings—after signaling the Polish underground to rise up against the Nazis, the Russians stayed outside the gates while the Polish patriots were slaughtered.

How bad are conditions in the army? For the senior officers, who are almost all Russians, conditions are excellent. But for the rank and file, they are terrible. Shortly before my escape, a warrant officer in my outfit committed suicide because he could not feed his family. His pay was always exhausted by the 15th of the month, because food prices rose so high, and he could not bear to watch his wife and children go hungry.

I heard that an entire training squadron stationed in southern Poland near Silesia tried to escape in YAK-9's, which are propeller planes, but the plot was exposed at the last moment.

Continued on next page



dive right in

Don't miss a swim—use Tampax!

Frequently women give up swimming on "those certain days" for no other reason than bathing-suit worries. Please get this fact clear in your mind. **Tampax monthly sanitary protection can be trusted even with a wet, form-fitting suit.** That's because Tampax (worn internally) discards the harness of belt and bulky outside pad.

Its convenience for swimming (or tub and shower) is only one of the many advantages of Tampax. Odor cannot form with Tampax. Bulging and chafing are impossible; no edge-lines to show under dresses. And so Tampax adds to a woman's pose and self-confidence at the time she needs them most.

A doctor invented Tampax for the special use of every normal woman. Easy to use and dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency-size: Regular, Super and Junior. Sold at drug and notion counters. A truly remarkable improvement. Don't miss it. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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FAMOUS NORWICH ASPIRIN COSTS ABOUT 1/2 THE PRICE MILLIONS PAY!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If you have ever bought aspirin anywhere, at any time, at any price that brought you:

1. Faster Relief
2. Longer-lasting relief

... return your purchase to your druggist and get your money back. Also sold in bottles of 100, 36, and six of 12.

250 for 79¢

No finer aspirin at any price... why pay more?

NORWICH Aspirin

A PRODUCT OF THE NORWICH PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, NORWICH, N. Y.

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KLUTCH forms a weather resistant bond dental plates on search teeth and assuage that one we not and left with greater comfort and security in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch tames the common fear of a denture, rotting, chafing plate. 25¢ and 35¢ at druggists. ... If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 50¢ and we will send you a genuine trial box.

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1. Relieves Hot, Tender, Tired, Chafed, Sensitive Feet...
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3. Helps Prevent Athlete's Foot...
4. Contains Chlorophyll

You'll find this scientifically compounded foot powder delightfully soothing, refreshing, and cooling. Use Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll Foot Powder today and make it a daily habit. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops.



TON SMITS



PEPSODENT gives you ■

Clean Mouth Taste for Hours

Thanks to **ORAL DETERGENT** discovery!

Pepsodent's exclusive ORAL DETERGENT cleans your teeth cleanest. And the cleaner your teeth, the better you fight bad breath and tooth decay. Your proof that Pepsodent does this best for you is the Clean Mouth Taste you get for hours. Lever Bros. Co. unconditionally guarantees your satisfaction or money refunded.

Pepsodent's ORAL DETERGENT Cleans Teeth Cleanest!



Have you tested new Pepsodent Charment?

Research
will mean **Victory!**

GAMMA GLOBULIN—
obtained from human blood—
protects for a few weeks.
But it is in very short supply.

1953
POLIO
FACTS

When POLIO is around,
follow these **PRECAUTIONS**

- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled

A VACCINE
is not ready for 1953.
But there is hope for
the future.

**THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION
FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS**

When FIRE strikes.
Reach for
SCIENCE'S "MIDWINTER MIRACLE"
PRESTO
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
Almost Two Million Already Sold!
ONLY \$3.98 - DOUBLE CAPACITY \$5.95



IT'S A REAL JOY

to open a jar of Sexton preserves or jelly and find the secret of their home made goodness is the way we cook the finest fruits: in small batches, and extra slowly. Preserves and jellies are the pride of Sexton Sunshine Kitchens.



John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

HELP THEM ESCAPE!

Continued from preceding page

Sixteen of the leaders were shot.

Conditions among the civilian population are just as bad. For example, in the town I came from, the man who ran the candy store is now in a labor camp. Each month new taxes were imposed on him until he was forced into debt and then the state foreclosed. The blacksmith in my town has gradually been forced to sell his tools to pay his taxes, and now he works in a factory 300 miles from his family. The crippled owner of the newsstand has also been a victim of special taxation, but after forcing his stand, the state has re-installed him as its employee at a salary he can scarcely live on.

Disillusionment and resentment are widespread; these people are eager to desert. But you have not offered them the proper inducements. In my opinion, here they are:

1. **Establish free armies for every satellite country.** If there were a Polish army as part of the NATO alliance, then the soldier or civilian who wants to escape would have a specific and desirable goal. As it is, if a company of Polish soldiers were to escape, what would their objective be? Our civilized peoples want a free army they can join with patriotic pride, not a mercenary, foreign-legion type of army like the one that was proposed in the U.S. Senate.

Would a free army attract these Iron Curtain soldiers? During World War II, General Anders, the Polish commander, went to Field Marshal Wilson in Italy and urged him to designate the 50,000 soldiers under Anders' command as a regular army corps. At first, Marshal Wilson refused. "Fifty thousand is the minimum complement for a corps," he said. "After the first battle, where will you get replacements?"

"My reinforcements," General Anders replied, "are in front of me." The General was right, for the closer the army progressed toward Poland, the larger it became; by the time the Allies

reached northern Italy, the Polish army numbered 120,000.

The Polish army today stands at one million strong. If General Anders were in command of a free Polish army under NATO's aegis, I have no doubt there would be wholesale desertions to his colors. When I escaped, I was under the erroneous impression that such a free army existed under General Anders' command. That was one of the chief reasons I wanted to escape.

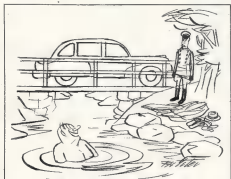
2. **Destroy the prestige of the present satellite governments.** These puppet governments, which are Moscow's brain offices, are certainly not true reflections of the political desires of their citizens. If it is not feasible actually to withdraw recognition, then perhaps other less stringent but effective means can be devised to lessen the prestige of these governments.

3. **Guarantee freedom to all Communist escapees.** You cannot attract escapes if they fear they will be imprisoned and eventually returned to their Communist oppressors. It is this fear that has caused General Clark's \$100,000 MIG offer to boomers. After it was made, the political officers told Rod pilots, "See how great our MIG is — the Americans are desperately offering bribes to get a look at one. But you men know what happens to prisoners — they are held in stockades and eventually returned and you know what fate awaits such a traitor when he comes back here."

In fairness to General Clark, it should be pointed out that he did offer freedom as part of the deal, but this provision has been effectively obscured.

4. **Offer those who desert an attractive political asylum.** Thanks to Russian propaganda, all of Soviet Europe knows about the McCarran Act. In my country, for example, we know that Polish sailors who long ago deserted their ships in New York are still being held on Ellis Island. I am afraid,

Continued on page 47



"While I'm in, Harkins, tie knots in my clothes!"

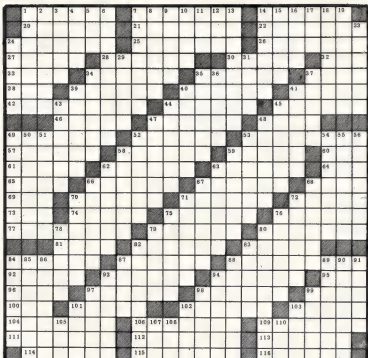
CROSSWORD by Marion Moeser

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| 79 Curtain's companion. | 83 Select. | 88 Gallic saint. | 93 Tarry. | 99 With cupola. | 107 Ear: Cornib. |
| 80 Mr. Cantor's gifts. | 84 Tirade. | 89 Reascend. | 94 Skinnier. | 101 Travel. | form. |
| 81 Inscrutability. | 85 Sang like a bird. | 90 Lineto. | 97 French aunt. | 102 Fair laie. | 108 Husband |
| | 86 Stuffed. | 91 "Cloister and | 98 Girl's name: | 103 Paris station. | material. |
| | 87 Tones up. | Heath" author. | 99 | 105 | 110 Machis. |

DIAGRAMLESS PUZZLES

19 x 19, by James A. Brussel

21 x 19, by Jarda B. Kitt

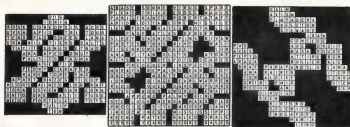
ACROSS

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| ACROSS | 26 Backward. | 56 Buffer verb. | 13 First initials. |
| 1 Spanish ladies. | 36 Whispers. | 61 Jackal: India. | 17 Faintly. |
| 20 A small bird. | 37 A small bird. | 62 A small bird. | 18 Preserving. |
| 9 Wife + Oberon. | 38 Country. | 63 Mineral spring. | 19 A small bird. |
| 10 Shortening. | 39 Infamy. | 64 A small bird. | 20 A small bird. |
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| 14 Varnish. | 41 Cultivated. | 66 A small bird. | 22 Material facts. |
| 15 A small bird. | 42 A small bird. | 67 A small bird. | 23 A small bird. |
| 22 Female sheep. | 43 Conspire. | 68 A small bird. | 24 Repairs. |
| 21 Why. | 44 Substance. | | 25 Wonderful. |
| 23 A small bird. | 45 A small bird. | | 26 A small bird. |
| 24 A small bird. | 46 Scuffle. | DOWN | 27 German river. |
| 25 A small bird. | 47 A small bird. | 1 Place. | 28 A small bird. |
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| 26 Comb. form: | 40 Jokes. | 1 Place. | 24 Imperfective. |
| 27 smaller. | 46 Soufflé. | 2 Outcasts. | 25 German river. |
| 28 individual. | 48 Usefulness. | 3 Pertaining to | 26 Cold Adriatic |
| 29 Gambling | 49 Transgression. | 4 birth. | 27 Adam's |
| 30 agreement. | 50 More knife. | 5 The tent maker. | 28 Revolutionary. |
| 31 Hindu flagpole. | 51 Shad . . . | 6 Peeled. | 29 Blind, in |
| 32 Including . . . | 52 Becomes more | 6 Cuckoo. | 30 balcony. |
| 33 Genus of mites. | 53 profound. | 7 Water. | 31 Enthusiastic |
| 34 Inebriates. | 54 Wolframite. | | |

Solutions of Last Week's Puzzles



CRYPTOGRAM

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BRFA. "NURB HIM NG ETLIN LETLBR

By Ruth Horvath

Last Sunday's Cryptogram

Southern cooks take to beaten biscuit; northerners roll theirs

TW-8-25-82

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QUICK AND
EASY!

QUICK AND
THRIFTY!

QUICK AND
DELICIOUS!

Only **Minute Rice** makes meals so fast—so perfect!

No need to slave over a hot stove for hours—when you can fix a fine spread in minutes with Minute Rice!

This miracle rice is pre-cooked to do away with hot-and-heavy cooking. Just bring to a boil—and turn off the heat! A mere 10 minutes later, your

Minute Rice is ready—snowy and fluffy, tender and tempting for sure.

You simply can't miss. As a vegetable . . . in one-dish glamour meals . . . Minute Rice always comes out perfect! Luscious, lightning-quick recipes on every package. Treat your family, today!



OLD SOUTH FAVORITE
Old-fashioned Southern hospitality—with a modern time-saving twist! It's fried chicken 'n' rice, made the foolproof way with Minute Rice! Just combine 1½ cups Minute Rice, 1½ cups water, and ¼ teaspoon salt in saucepan. Bring quickly to boil over high heat; fluff rice once or twice with fork. (Don't stir.) Cover, remove from heat; let stand 10 minutes. Perfect rice for 4—perfect known, served with crisp fried chicken, garnished with broiled tomato wedges.



**BUSY DAY? 13 MINUTES MAKES THIS
"PICK O' THE PANTRY" SHRIMP JUMBLE**

Raid the pantry for canned soup, leftovers, and Minute Rice—and serve up a delicious "Pick o' the Pantry" meal in jig time. For example: Prepare 1½ cups Minute Rice as directed on package. Heat 1 can cream of celery soup with ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley, and ½ to 1 teaspoon hot-pepper sauce occasionally. Add 1 cup cooked fresh shrimp (or one 7-ounce can); season to taste. Mix and heat thoroughly. Mix lightly with rice. Serves 4 or 5.

**NO WASHING! NO RINSING!
NO DRAINING! NO STEAMING!**

Perfect rice in no time—with no work, no guesswork, no messy pots to scour! Costs just pennies per serving, and even more economical in the big Family Size. Get a package, today!



Product of General Foods

For perfect rice every time—pre-cooked **MINUTE RICE**

DANGER... SOFT SHOULDER by Ton Smits



HELP THEM ESCAPE!

Continued from page forty

because Representative O'Konki has been kind enough to personally sponsor me. But until the McCarran Act is revised and realistic haven offered to these oppressed people who would gladly fight Communism, large-scale desertions are not likely.

5. **Radio propaganda must stress details of liberation.** General talk about the wonderful life in the U.S. means little. But specific details, for example, about my escape, how I was received, the lunch I attended with Cardinal Spellman, what I ate — this is the kind of propaganda that really incites desertion. But best of all would be detailed news about the existence of a free Polish army.

6. **Americans should send as many packages to Iron Curtain people as they possibly can.** There is no interference with these bundles, and tons of food and used clothes are the best inducements to seek a better life beyond the Curtain. The Russians are apparently too insensitive to understand that when you lecture soldiers for two hours every day on the glories of Communism, and their bellies are empty and their relatives in labor camps, you get resentment, not belief.

Thus, therefore, is the moment for the U.S. to help our people to desert, and harness the Red oppressors. My people are vigorous and alert. They have great heart. They are not easily conquered. The Russians have destroyed our homes, our jobs and our honor, but they can never destroy our hope — as long as you stand by us. But without your active support, helping us to organize a free army and to otherwise express our drive toward freedom, our hope may burn out and die.

MIG VS. SABRE: In a startling and disturbing article next week, *Linit Jarochi*, the only man who has flown both Russia's and America's best jets, tells why the MIG is better — and what we've got to do to catch up with it.



Helene Curtis spray net Ends Summer "Hair-do Droop"!



*New magic lanolized mist
keeps hair Softly in place all day
despite humidity and heat!*

Now—say goodbye to unsightly hair-do droop and that "wilted look" that has harassed women every summer up to now. Put an end to straggly wisps and stringy limpness—even on hottest, stickiest days. For Helene Curtis SPRAY NET keeps hair softly and perfectly in place, despite humidity and heat.

Simply touch the SPRAY NET button and this magic mist keeps your hair the way you set it—naturally... invisibly... without greasiness or artificial lacquered look. Contains super-stomized lanolin. Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green aerosol dispenser now.



NO MORE WISPY ENDS and fly-away strands! No more stringy droopiness in sticky, humid weather. Now career girls can SPRAY NET their hair in the morning and know that untidy locks won't ruin their appearance even on hottest, busiest days.



THAT ROMANTIC SHOOTER LOOK can be yours all evening long with SPRAY NET this summer. You'll find new confidence and poise when hair is always fluttering in place. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET today.

Regular Size \$1.25
(plus tax)

New Ties Economy Size \$2
(Over 3 times as much)
(plus tax)

At All Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons.

IRONING'S DONE...
AND SO EASILY!



See how LINIT gives you faster, easier ironing

**Amazing Deep-Starching Action of LINIT
Does It! Gives that "Like-New" Look to
Cottons, Restores Beauty-Finish!**



MILLIONS SWITCH to Linit for perfect results with no cooking.



COTTONS LOOK FRESHER. stay clean and neat longer when starched with Linit.

Only Linit makes a thin fluid starch that gets deep down into fabrics... coats each fibre evenly. That's the reason ironing is easier... faster.

What's more, it's so easy to make Linit Starch. No fuss, no cooking whatever... Linit is ready in less than a minute!

The protective finish given by Linit Starch resists soiling... helps to keep dresses and blouses as crisp and pretty as the day you bought them! Yes, for easier ironing and perfect results try Linit Starch.



